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MAY 24, 1974

NR NATIONAL REVIEW

Of Ms. and MEN

M.J. SOBRAN

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Peter Hyun interviews President Park of South Korea ♦

James Burnham and Peter Witonski on the Portuguese coup ♦

Also Buckley, Will, Mano, Kirk, Niemeyer, Hess

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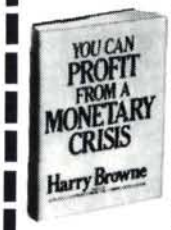

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—ANCIENT PROVERB

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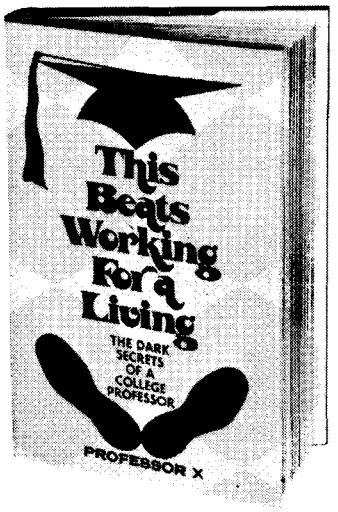

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PROFESSOR X SAYS OF HIMSELF: "I write from my dozen and a half years as spectator and participant in the great swindle we call college teaching. And it is eminently fitting that this book should be published behind a mask of anonymity, for it dwells in several places on the cowardliness of professors and professing. In a community as close-knit as that of so-called scholars today, anonymity is necessary for me because I want to keep my job—and I might just starve to death if I had to earn my living some other way."

This Beats Working for a Living is dedicated "to Hubert H. Humphrey who, after losing in 1968, became a professor—and thereby proved the correctness of my vote for Richard Nixon."

P. S. Who is Professor X? Someone you may have heard of. Someone distinguished. Someone so good at his job, so honest, that he can't bear the freeriders on the gravy train.

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Letters

To Freeze or Not to Freeze

The unwary might not notice that Paul McGouldrick's policy advice ["What You Shouldn't Know about Economics," May 10] does not necessarily follow from his excellent analysis. McGouldrick favors balanced budgets and an expansion of the money supply "which corresponds to the growth of output."

Ideally, it would be better to aim for a chronic surplus, since that would limit government's unequal competition with business for the limited supply of capital. But in practice, government spending seems limited only by the embarrassment of deficits. Democrats spend, Republicans raise taxes. If we are to retain significant private control over how our money is spent, we must restrain or reduce the share of national income controlled by the political process. Therefore, conservatives should back any and all tax cuts, even if it means taking a firm stance in favor of short-run fiscal irresponsibility.

If money creation could be specifically limited by law (e.g., the Brock bill), deficits would then have to be financed by selling bonds to individuals or corporations. This would put visible upward pressure on interest rates and thus generate public support for limiting deficits and spending.

As Friedman pointed out in *The Optimum Quantity of Money*, the best long-run goal might well be to freeze the money supply. One of the most prosperous periods in our history was from 1879-97, when there was a steady deflation of the money supply and prices. Prices also fell in the Roaring Twenties, contrary to myth, and rose sharply from 1933 to 1937.

New York, N.Y. KENNETH MATTHEWS

Who Is Underprivileged?

My compliments to Allan C. Ornstein for his fine article on minority hiring regulations ["Are Quotas Here to Stay?" April 26]. Working in the personnel department of a large private university, I have observed first hand some of the effects of Affirmative Action. It has led to just such abuses as Mr. Ornstein describes.

One of our employment interviewers once refused to consider a white male applicant for a position because he had attended a private school in New England. In her analysis, which she frankly shared with the applicant, anyone whose parents could afford to send him to a private school could not possibly be in as great need of a job as a member of a minority group. If this kind of thinking is shared by the federal bureaucrats, there will have to be a reevaluation of what constitutes an "underprivileged minority."

New York, N.Y. WILLIAM C. PORTH JR.

Re Allan Ornstein's "Are Quotas Here to Stay?" I would like to relate several specific Affirmative Action cases here in Wisconsin.

1. A white male, Mr. John T. Patzer, applied for a state position as a painter's apprentice. The job would have meant a salary increase to him of about $125 per month from a base of $519 per month. His application was rejected since Wisconsin's AA program permitted the following "special qualification": " . . . only applicants who are women, or who are members of the six minority groups as defined by the EEOC may apply for this position. These groups are: American Indian, Oriental, Spanish Surnamed, Eskimo, Aleut, and Afro-American."

2. The State of Wisconsin has had other jobs with "special requirements," one of which required applicants who a) "have been incarcerated at a correctional institution" and b) are "Native American."

3. The Madison School District is, at present, only accepting applications for elementary school teaching positions from a) former staff members, b) minorities, and c) males. The reason for this policy: "too many" white female elementary school teachers.

As the above points illustrate, AA programs tend, at present, to affect individual job seekers. These programs therefore change *putative* acts of private discrimination against innocent *individuals* to *actual* governmentally sponsored discrimination against an innocent *group*—usually white males.

As a college student, I have the guts to bring court action in these and similar instances—if only I could get a job to earn the money to do so . . .

Madison, Wis. MONTE BUELOW

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Fem Lib

What kind of a sexist is this D. Keith Mano, anyway? I mean, in his piece on the NOW meeting [March 15] he refers to Yoko Ono as "tonight's feature person." For his information, the proper word is "perdaughter."

Orinda, Calif. POUL ANDERSON

In "The Week" [March 1], you say that "the good sense of Americans makes unlikely a mandate for common bathroom facilities." You may be interested to know that the leader of one local female liberation movement came out openly in a recent meeting for just that. (That is if, by "bathroom," you mean a public toilet, not ordinarily having bathing facilities.) However, she was called down by one of her erstwhile followers, who said that she had no desire to urinate with the men. It would appear that this leader, in common with many other such, is not so much interested in freedom from domination by men as she is in effecting a greater intimacy with them than she had yet been able to achieve.

Chatham, N.J. E. C. PAYNE

In Defense of King Faisal

I just read "The New Imperialism" by Lewis Feuer [March 29] wherein Arabs are pictured as greedy oil profiteers. Elsewhere in the same issue the poetry of von Dreele neatly noted the fact that our "half-dollar's simply junk."

Feuer's article presents a Hegelian-type approach to the problem of oil distribution. The conclusions are convenient for the Western man and particularly so if he is pro-Israel. It suggests that the primitive Arab has no right to deny others the chance to develop (pump out) the oil found in Arab lands. It talks of "oil extortion" and pictures King Faisal as a repressive, malevolent tribal tyrant.

The Arab quite naturally isn't willing to accept our inflated paper money on the same basis on which he formerly took it. He thus raises the price of his oil to compensate for our currency's ever lowering real value.

When one considers the "plight" of the American auto owner who might have to pay $2 or so extra weekly, and sees that this is, say, 1 per cent of his income, and then notes that a U.S. citizen on welfare gets more weekly than the average Arab earns monthly—it is hard to work up real pity on behalf of the American.

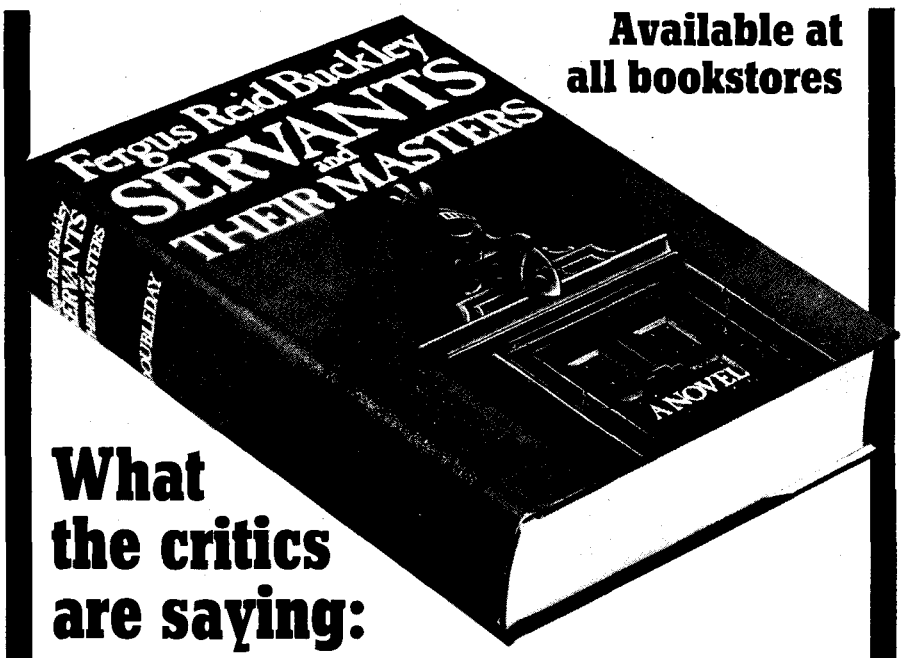
Columbus, Neb. W. A. CURRY

Obscenity and Evil

D. Keith Mano, in his review of *The Exorcist* [April 12], reminds us of the difference between obscenity and evil. Ever since Freud taught that most guilt feelings spring from repressed sex drives, the sex/wrong/guilt complex has confused people.

C. S. Lewis deemed sins of the body to be minor compared with pride, envy, even

(Continues on page 606)



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– DELTA DEMOCRAT TIMES, *Greenville, Miss.*

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FOR THE RECORD

■ In the first week after release of the **White House transcripts** roundups of opinion in the House seemed to be that President **Nixon** had been damaged but that the transcripts did not prove he could be impeached. One opinion from Republican Rep. **Marvin Esch** (Mich.) was typical. "You can't impeach for appalling style. There must be hard facts." . . . White House counselor **Dean Burch**, in press interview May 7, characterized the presidential conversations as "not heroic," and when asked if the President had been "sullied" or "besmirched" by their publication answered, "I don't think the President is impeachable, let me say that." . . . House Minority Leader **John Rhodes**, who succeeded **Gerald Ford** in that post, says as of May 7, he still believes there aren't enough votes in the House to impeach Nixon. (Burch says Nixon will not resign even if the House votes impeachment.) . . . **Alexander Butterfield**, who first revealed before the Ervin Committee last year that Oval Office conversations were being taped, says **H. R. Haldeman** knew of the taping system but that "it is my guess that **John Ehrlichman** did not." . . . Senate Majority Whip **Robert Byrd** (D., W. Va.) is making sure that the White House transcripts get into the *Congressional Record*. He inserts every morning the portions of the transcripts he read the night before. . . . Minority Whip **Robert Griffin** (Mich.) has countered by inserting into the *Record* the White House-provided summary that puts the transcripts into a somewhat more favorable light. . . . The ranking Republican on the Judiciary Committee, Rep. **Edward Hutchinson** (Mich.), has turned down suggestion by committee member **Lawrence Hogan** (R., Md.) that minority counsel **Albert Jenner** be replaced because Hogan considers Jenner insufficiently Republican —a blow to the White House. But Hutchinson is opposed to granting immunity to witnesses testifying before the Judiciary Committee—which is a White House plus. If Hutchinson's ruling is upheld it could mean a dozen key witnesses lost to the prosecutors. . . . And it will all be in living color. **ABC**, **CBS**, and **NBC** will take turns broadcasting the hearings live and **PBS** will rebroadcast the tapes at night.

Punch Rothco

"What worries us is, for this enormous loan all you can offer as security is Britain."

■ The Texas millionaire **Joe Lewis Albritton**, who may end up owning a large hunk of the *Washington Star-News*, has taken not-so-veiled slap at *Washington Post*. Albritton says the press has not been giving Nixon a fair break on Watergate, and added: "Newspapers don't have to pre-adopt the stand, and then organize the facts to meet the pre-adopted conclusion." . . . *Post* has also been given a hard time in recent weeks by disaffected staffers (there was a brief Guild strike followed by a slowdown by the printers union), who have at least twice inserted, in editions that reached the stands, the notice: "This paper is edited by rats." . . . **Gallup** has more bad news for Republicans. Only one student in seven (14 per cent) identifies himself as a Republican; 37 per cent say they're Democrats, 49 per cent independents. . . . Sen. **Sam Ervin** says the only person in North Carolina who was glad he decided against running for reelection this year was his wife: "Other people seem to want me to run so they can either vote for me or against me." . . . And comedian **Mort Sahl** says the present pickle we're in is all the fault of the Democrats and **McGovern**. If Nixon had run unopposed, says Sahl, he would have lost.

■ Foreign Notes: President **Anwar Sadat** of Egypt, in pursuance of his current feud with Libya's **Muammar Qaddafi**, has conferred Egyptian citizenship on exiled Libyan **King Idris**, whom Qaddafi is now trying in absentia. . . . The French version of **women's lib** (*la femme libérée?*) has called a nationwide strike on June 9 to protest the French election on the grounds that all candidates perpetuate "the patriarchal systems based on the oppression of women." . . . Brazilian newspapers are forbidden to print anything on the **Patricia Hearst** kidnapping because stories that she defected to the **Symbionese Liberation Army** could "set a bad example for Brazilian youth." . . . The New China News has yet another count against the late **Lin Piao**. In addition to being a revisionist traitor and running dog of capitalism he was also, it appears, a male chauvinist. . . . And Polish officials have informed South Vietnam officials that the Polish member of the **International Commission of Control** who defected last month must be "mentally ill."

■ Burlesque queen **Liz Renay** beat an indecent exposure rap the other day when jurors agreed that her streak down Hollywood Boulevard represented "truth in advertising." Ms. Renay is forty-seven.

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NR NATIONAL REVIEW VOL. XXVI, NO. 21 MAY 24, 1974

IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . **M. J. Sobran** of *NR*'s staff finds a lot of humor in Gloria Steinem's *Ms.*, all of it unconscious. Mr. Sobran will turn his talents next in this series to *The New York Review of Books*. . . . A background discussion of the international oil crunch, which was initiated in these pages earlier this year by Mr. Lewis Feuer ("The New Imperialism," March 29), is carried a step further by **John Bowling** ("The Cost of Interdependence"). His thesis, which is not necessarily *NR*'s, is ably argued and offered for thought and discussion. Mr. Bowling, a retired Foreign Service Officer, now teaches at Troy State University. . . . Two looks at the coup in Portugal. **Peter Witonski**, now with the Hoover Institution in Stanford, has lived and studied in Portugal and owns a house there. He tells us who General Spinola is, how the coup came about, etc. **James Burnham** weighs the strategic consequences of the Spinola coup and reminds us of a 40-year-old Kremlin strategy "for dominating Western Europe by squeezing it between Communist Eastern Europe and a Communist controlled Iberian Peninsula." . . . **Peter Hyun**, for a number of years a senior editor at Doubleday in New York, was granted an exclusive interview with the publicity-shy President Park of South Korea. . . . And in the book section, **George E. Reedy**, author of the thoughtful and influential *The Twilight of the Presidency*, reviews Michael Novak's *Choosing Our King*. Mr. Reedy was for a time press secretary to Lyndon Johnson. —PLB

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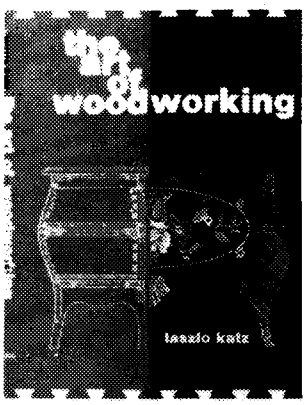

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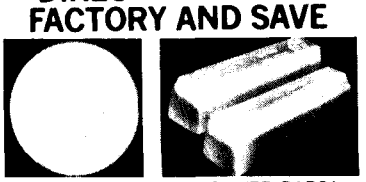

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THE WEEK

■ CULTURAL NOTES. Representative Mario Biaggi of New York hotly denies the substance of a paternity suit filed against him by a former campaign worker, and Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia hotly denies that he once had a romance with stripper Blaze Starr. "Archie Bunker" has been made an honorary member of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (for honoring picket lines at CBS last year), and hotly denies that he is the illegitimate son of Fuehrer Bunker. Gina Lollobrigida has told Tokyo newsmen that watching streaking is fun. Attorney General Saxbe has abandoned his weekly press conferences after learning that if the shoe fits, you can't get it out of your mouth. And the Smithsonian Institution has opened an exhibit on "Bathrooms in America."

■ Teddy Kennedy got his way: South Vietnam will get no increase in aid this year. Although inflation has decreased the value of U.S. aid, Kennedy and a majority of the Senate and the House were unwilling to measure the United States' commitment to South Vietnam in terms of substance. They held to the dollar figure, and hope to reduce even that next year. It is not absolutely certain that South Vietnam can survive even with our aid, but it is reasonably certain that it cannot survive without it. The young Massachusetts Senator has certainly grown in leadership over the years: he will do his best to see that all is in vain.

■ The big news in the primaries was that there wasn't any big news. John Glenn, the astronaut who runs as a (John) Kennedy Democrat, beat Ohio's post-Saxbe Senator Howard Metzenbaum, who had a hard time after it came out he hadn't paid income taxes in 1969, never mind why not—it was that kind of campaign. George Wallace won renomination handily, with surprising support from black voters. McGovernite Frances Farenthold was swamped by Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe. All in all, incumbents pretty well held their own across the board—but since the contests were all intraparty, it was hard to measure the impact of you-know-what.

■ A new Phillips-Sindlinger poll reports that 72 per cent of the public rates Congress' overall performance as either "fair" or "poor." That's not news. What is news is that the dissatisfaction is now focusing on inflation and the instability of the economy, for which the public continues to hold Congress responsible. On paper, Congress is more powerful than either the President or the Supreme Court, but of course it doesn't always work out that way in practice. Nor is the taxpayer likely to be moved when his representative denounces the other two branches for abusing powers Congress has forced them to assume, or allowed them to usurp. If only congressional timidity extended to the exercise of the power to spend—why, those ratings might just *soar*.

■ A florilegium of Voices of Moderation on Patricia Hearst's kidnapping: 1) Shana Alexander, writing in *Newsweek*, blamed the SLA's violence less on radical ideology or black militance than on America's repression of women: "When women struggle to liberate themselves what is liberated first is sometimes female rage. . . . Enraged at the world, awash in free-floating empathy for the downtrodden, such people step out the door each day with an empty leash, looking for underdogs." (Nice image.) 2) Timothy Leary's letter to *Newsweek* two issues later: "Ms. Alexander seems to be the only journalist able to look at events with detachment, see all the points of view, and describe the interaction of insanities with patient and saving humor. I have recently been in positions very similar to those she describes—including being kidnapped-arrested, brainwashed (?) [sic] and put on parole by Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria, escaping, etc. It's a good time to be a woman . . ." (Does he want a transplant?) 3) Janet Cooper, identified by the *New York Post* as "a West Coast radical activist": "The Nixon Administration would like nothing better than for us to believe these are the kind of things revolutionaries and community activists do." (Well, it's *one* kind of thing.) 4) The National Caucus of Labor Committee: "There is no doubt that the SLA is a CIA front" (and Patricia is a double agent).

■ Hearing the words, "Come home, America," Ramsey Clark must have thought George McGovern meant him. Anyway, he's not only back from Hanoi, he's decided to run for Jacob Javits' Senate seat. And since this is the political Year of the Virgin, he won't accept campaign contributions of more than $100. "We've got to drive big money out of politics with little money," he explains. Sounds more like he's relying on Gresham's law.

■ WOUNDED KNEE NOTES. Federal Judge Fred Nichol authorized a subpoena requiring President Nixon to turn over tapes of any Wounded Knee-related conversations between himself and anyone he might have discussd the

Ostpolitik

Willy's helper was a spy;
When the spy began to pry,
Willy's government got scooped
While his agent-types got pooped.
Now the Socialists are vexed:
Willy is resigning. Next?

W. H. VON DREELE

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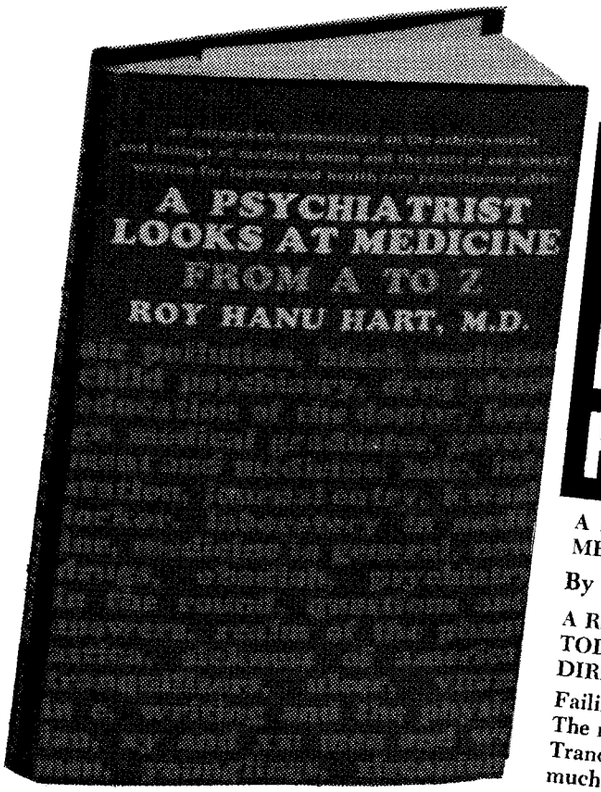

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

One of the most poignant moments in the Senate Watergate hearing came when Herbert Porter, a CREEP worker, explained in emotional terms to Senator Howard Baker that he had known Mr. Nixon since he was eight years old, that Mr. Nixon was a family friend. One of the best indices of Mr. Nixon's distraction: March 21 transcript, Mr. Dean is recounting events: "All right now, we have gone through the trial. I don't know if Mitchell has perjured himself in the grand jury or not." Mr. Nixon: "Who?" Mr. Dean: "Mitchell. I don't know how much knowledge he actually had. I know that Magruder has perjured himself in the grand jury. I know that Porter has perjured himself in the grand jury." Mr. Nixon: "Who is Porter?"

■ Will interest continue in Watergate? The White House position today is what it has always been. Mr. Nixon, February 28, 1973: "You see the Baker theory is that he wants to have a big slambang thing for a whole week and then he thinks interest in the whole thing will fall off. And he is right about that." Mr. Dean, February 28: "It confuses the public. The public is bored with this thing already." Mr. Nixon: "Yeah." Mr. Dean, March 13: "Well one thing, the saturation level of the American people on this story is cracking. The saturation level in this city is getting pretty high now, and they can't take too much more of this stuff." Mr. Nixon: "Think not?" Mr. Dean: "There is nothing really new coming out." Mr. Nixon: "ITT went longer, but that was a different thing, and it seemed more important." Mr. Dean: "several months ago . . . [Haldeman] said the way they could have those hearings and do a masterful job on it, would be to hold one hearing a week on Thursdays, Thursday mornings, they cover it live. That way, you get live coverage that day; you get the networks that night; the national magazines that week; get the weekend wrap-ups. You can stretch this thing out by, really—" Mr. Nixon: "Our members of the Committee at least should say, let's get it over with, and go through five-day sessions, etc."

■ One reason the House Judiciary Committee wants the tapes themselves, not just transcripts, is to hear the inflection of particular words and phrases. Consider, for example, this passage from February 28, concerning the appearance as a Senate witness of Herbert Kalmbach, Mr. Nixon's personal attorney. Mr. Dean: "He has been tough thus far. He can take it. His skin is thick now. . . . He is ready and he is going to go through. He is hunkered down and he is ready to handle it, so I am not worried about Herb at all." Mr. Nixon: "Oh, well, it will be hard for him. I suppose the big thing is the financing transaction that they will go after him for. How does the money get to the Bank of Mexico, etc." Mr. Dean: "Oh, well, all that can be explained." Mr. Nixon: "It can?" The Committee might wonder about the way Mr. Nixon said, "It can?"

■ Cato's favorite moment in the transcript? Mr. Nixon, February 28: "I don't know what we can do. The people who are most disturbed about this (unintelligible) are the (adjective deleted) Republicans. A lot of these congressmen, financial contributors, et cetera, are highly moral. The Democrats are just sort of saying, '(expletive deleted) fun and games.'"

■ Biggest understatement in the transcript? At one point in the March 13 meeting with Mr. Dean, Mr. Nixon complains about press references to Herbert Kalmbach as his "personal attorney." Mr. Nixon says: "I don't ask him anything. I don't talk to him about anything. I don't know, I see Herb once a year when we see and sign the income tax returns. . . . Now, true, he handles our San Clemente property and all the rest, but he isn't a lawyer in the sense that most people have a lawyer."

■ With the possible exception of Mr. Dean, Mr. Ehrlichman was the clearest-headed participant in the transcribed conversations. Consider April 14. Mr. Ehrlichman: "There were eight or ten people around here who knew about this, knew it was going on, Bob knew, I knew, all kinds of people knew." Moments later: "The point is that if Dean's, if the wrongdoing which justifies Dean's dismissal, his knowledge that the operation was going on, then you can't stop with him. You've got to go through the whole place wholesale." Mr. Nixon: "Fire the whole staff." Mr. Ehrlichman: "That's right. . . ."

—CATO

---

matter with. The subpoena was Defense Attorney William Kunstler's idea. Meanwhile, up the road a piece, leaders of the American Indian Movement did a traditional ghost dance, which made them invulnerable to paleface bullets, and confirmed their decision to destroy South Dakota's tourist trade. Pronouncing the state "a zone of war," the AIM urged Indians who plan to visit the area to bring along "gas masks, first aid kits, and self-defense equipment." And what's more: "The central committee of AIM further warns all tourists that if they travel to South Dakota, Indian people will assume they are either there to kill Indians or to help the Indians." Another instance of the way arbitrary accusations are used to justify crimes against individuals: has Russell Means of AIM been reading Field Marshal Cinque?

■ Three years ago, hoping to cut down heroin traffic, the Nixon Administration persuaded Turkey to outlaw the growing of opium poppies. Since then we have gotten opium for licit uses (morphine, etc.) from India. But India's climate makes its poppy crop irregular, and the U.S. faces an opium shortage. Now the Administration wants to grow poppies domestically, under tight governmental supervision. Turks are understandably sore, and will very soon lift the poppy ban.

■ It has been the year of the star-crossed leader. Richard Nixon's troubles started first, as befits the trendsetting leader of the biggest and bestest state of them all, but consider what has happened to others since September of last year. Salvador Allende lost his presidency and his life. Colonel Papadopoulos gave way, as abruptly, to Colonel Ioannidis. Niger's Hamani Diori woke up one fine day to find himself out of power and into prison (as happens in Africa). Edward Heath cleared out of 10 Downing Street and Harold Wilson moved in. Golda

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Meir will kiss the boys goodbye as soon as Rabin is confirmed in office. Georges Pompidou died. A spy came in from the East German cold and out went Willy Brandt. Libya's Colonel Qaddafi has divested himself of something or other, no one is quite sure what; everything, one hopes. Australia's Gough Whitlam has been forced to call new elections, as has Canada's Pierre Trudeau. Marcello Caetano, Salazar's successor, was toppled in Portugal, ending 40 years of authoritarian rule there. And rolling mutinies and strikes, and the Eritrean Liberation Movement, are making the long distance runner of them all, the Lion of Judah himself, look haile ridiculous. Quite a year.

■ Mao's minions have lately been distributing comic strips and pop songs defaming Confucius and Lin Piao as followers of the same "counterrevolutionary revisionist line." Meanwhile, at University of Michigan commencement exercises, alumnus Gerald Ford, lustily booed when he mentioned President Nixon, restored a respectful silence by quoting Chairman Mao: "Within the ranks of the people, we cannot do without freedom, nor can we do without discipline; we cannot do without democracy, nor can we do without centralism." Of course, the Vice President added, "Words like democracy and freedom have different meanings in China and America."

■ COMMERCIAL NOTES. Medical Care, Inc. has recalled 5,000 of its annual reports after discovering that its assets and liabilities had inadvertently been reversed. The Birtcher Corporation, manufacturer of medical testing equipment, which knows a hypertense market when it sees one, installed machines to give free blood tests to conventioneers of the Financial Analysts Federation in Los Angeles. The *Village Voice* is offering subscribers the option of renewing at the regular rate or a discount rate; 80 per cent chose the lower price. American Airlines is offering a package deal: four days and three nights in Boston, with free use of a bicycle and three free meals at McDonald's. Groundbreaking ceremonies for a Wickes Corporation furniture warehouse featured a balloonist flying over, lowering a line, and sliding a key down the line to a former Miss America, who used it to open the warehouse. And you'll be glad to know that arms sales to Arab states may resume soon, with much-threatened world power Kuwait a likely customer of Northrop F5E fighter planes.

■ LEGAL NOTES. An all-purpose police dragnet in northern Italy arrested 502 persons and seized 970 stolen vehicles, $1.5-million worth of stolen goods, 400 pounds of explosives, and 700 rifles, pistols, and hand grenades. A truth-seeking judge in Somerset, Pa. has ordered three young men convicted of marijuana possession to write 3,000-word theses on the evils of pot, with orders not to say anything good about it. Meanwhile, drummer Buddy Rich has been arrested for possession in Hobart (Is There No Refuge?), Tasmania. Eight Ohio National Guardsmen have filed suit in federal court to uphold their unalienable right to wear short-hair wigs to guard duties. And a rather tacky legal fight is shaping up in Storey County, Nevada, where a brothel owner's girls make up almost one-sixth of the county's registered voters and constitute an important swing vote; Republican politicians are trying to tighten up voter registration laws to keep the ladies in bed where they belong and out of the voting booths, and won't the ACLU have a ball with that one.

Watergate Blockbuster

About the extraordinary events of the past fortnight, a few observations:

1. Judgment must be suspended on the question of whether the text is complete as regards Watergate and whether the tapes themselves are intact. Questions also remain concerning numerous "unintelligible" segments and those deleted on the grounds that they do not pertain to Watergate. At the same time, there seems little doubt that much at least of the material is authentic, and as it stands it does give a connected and not altogether incoherent account of the genesis of the Watergate break-in, as well as—to use Howard Baker's formulation —what the President knew, and when he knew it.

2. What the conversations actually reveal and what the political consequences now will be are not necessarily related altogether logically. It is possible to conclude from a careful reading of the material that Mr. Nixon is much less culpable than had been widely assumed, though, as he himself has said, the material does contain a great many ambiguities. Nevertheless, the hour is very late; Mr. Nixon has for months—to put it bluntly—given the public the impression of being guilty. It is incontestable that he is very widely believed to have been guilty—vaguely, but definitively—as witness recent Republican primary results, polls, etc. Whether anything at all can reverse that widespread conclusion remains to be seen. It is hardly auspicious for the President that Senator Hugh Scott, who has been one of his defenders, now denounces the Oval Office conversations as "immoral." Whatever may be thought of that judgment, it is one index of Republican sentiment in Congress.

3. The text of the transcripts requires an enormous exegetical effort, and there are places where reasonable men will reach quite different conclusions. Here, very tentatively, is one outline of the events that appears to emerge:

Only late in the game did Mr. Nixon begin to know the truth, or some of it, regarding the Watergate break-in. When he first heard about the burglary itself, he was astonished: he thought the perpetrators were "nuts." By March 21, he had learned from John Dean that the break-in had its genesis in an ordinary campaign intelligence gathering operation. Partly because of the structure of the 1972 campaign organization, which gave free rein to individual derring-do, the intelligence gathering

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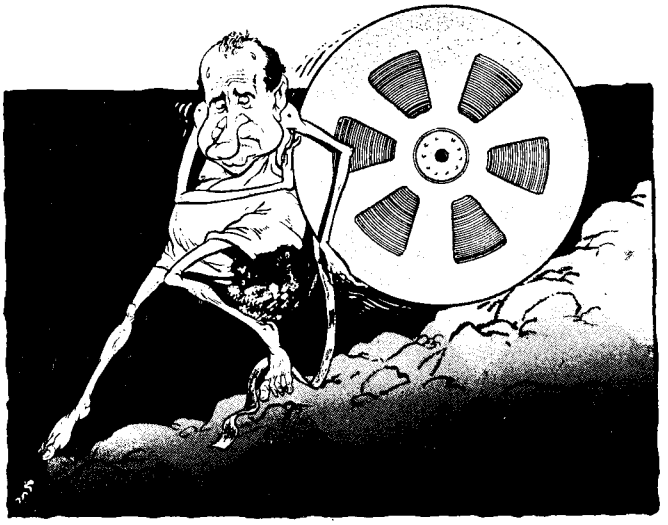

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal*, Canada Rothco

Sisyphus 1974

plan was transformed into the burglary. As late as March 13, we hear Dean informing Nixon of the certain involvement of Magruder and Strachan, but only speculating about the possible involvement of Mitchell, Haldeman, Colson, and others.

In that March 21 transcript, the question of the million-dollar hush money payment to and possible clemency for the Watergate defendants comes up. Here the available text, upon analysis, appears to support fully the President's claim that he vetoed both. The conversation is long, repetitive, and various options are considered. But the conclusion is that clemency is impossible and that blackmail is too. President: "But in the end we are going to be bled to death. And in the end it is all going to come out anyway. Then you get the worst of both worlds. We are going to lose, and people are going to—" Haldeman: "And look like dopes." President: "And in effect, look like a coverup. So that we can't do." So, no clemency and no Watergate hush money.

The payment to E. Howard Hunt, also discussed on March 21, remains the grey area from the standpoint of Nixon's culpability. Unless paid $120,000 for legal fees etc., Hunt—according to Dean—was threatening to reveal not Watergate material but unspecified activities of the "Plumbers" group. We do not know what activities Hunt intended to disclose, whether they were criminal, or whether the President's concern here had a legitimate basis in national security. All of those questions would be relevant to an obstruction of justice charge.

4. Many passages will be the subject of dispute. As early as September 15, for example, we find the President congratulating Dean in these terms on his handling of the Watergate matter. President: "Oh well, this is a can of worms. . . . But the way you have handled all this seems to me has been very skillfully putting your fingers in the leaks that have sprung here and sprung there." Some commentators have interpreted that passage as indicating that the President knew of or at least suspected high-level involvement in the Watergate burglary. Such an interpretation, however, is inconsistent with the March 13, 17, and 21 conversations. The official White House release on this point claims that the "fingers in the leaks" statement refers to Dean's success in putting off the various pending civil suits that could have been embarrassing as the election approached. On September 21, in fact, a civil suit against CREEP was postponed.

5. We have noted above the widespread impression of Mr. Nixon's culpability, an impression that Nixon himself had much to conceal. Whatever the transcripts finally yield on that point, they do indicate that the impression of dissimulation owes much to Mr. Nixon's extraordinary incapacities as an administrator. He seems unable to make a decision; he goes all around a problem without getting to its essence; far from being tough-minded and ruthless, we find him unable to sacrifice a guilty aide, unable to meet with John Mitchell face to face; we find him interrupted, contradicted, and condescended to by his closest aides. All of this is not impeachable, but it is one of the more disturbing aspects of the whole affair.

6. A generation hence, looking back on Watergate, historians are likely to marvel at how much was made of it, and how White House bumbling made of so trivial an event the lever by which Mr. Nixon may be overturned. The original Watergate break-in was trivial and ridiculous. The original burglars deserved 30-day suspended sentences. By the time Nixon got all the threads, or most of them, in his hand—March 21—the situation had become a lot messier. The air is now filled with all manner of resonant phrases: subornation of perjury, obstruction of justice, high crimes and misdemeanors, and all the rest of it. The media have treated Watergate like the biggest thing since the wooden horse was insinuated into Troy. But even the crimes which were committed, and those which may have been committed, were trivial in comparison with the political consequences they have been made to yield.

Smearing the Mitchell Jury

Truly the elitists among us are showing their colors. It is conservatives who are generally billed as the elitists; you know: servants, status, the white man's burden bit, royalty perhaps, if not divinity. Liberals are supposed to be egalitarian. And so they are: egalitarian in how people, as a collective mass, should be treated by—by the elites. And how they should be treated is as inferiors. Viz.: the sneering description now going the rounds in the media of the Mitchell-Stans jury, those 12 political non-U's who couldn't agree on the manifest guilt of Nixon's former Cabinet officers.

They were chosen (chosen, that is, to the extent that the defense was able to use its peremptory challenges to prospective jurors) with the aid of a "communications think tank" using marketing research techniques. A profile of the desirable juror was constructed—blue collar, Catholic, earns between eight and ten thousand dollars

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a year, and reads the *Daily News*—and the defense did its best to place as many of such people on the jury as it could. The intended implication of countless pejorative references is that the jury was decidedly second rate. As a matter of fact, the Mitchell-Stans defense team merely acted in a more sophisticated manner than lawyers have in the past when they determined, all by themselves, how to choose a jury. So we're all getting specialized: what else is new?

Blue collar, of course, is a demographic term, borrowed from the language of elective politics, but not inappropriate: to some extent the trial was political. No ideologues, no limousine liberals: and no conviction. And yet: two of the jurors were black but fitted nevertheless into the law and order profile—how will the liberals square that one? Or this one: one of the jurors had never even heard of Mitchell or Stans—the perfect *tabula rasa*? One juror was literally sick over the magnitude of his responsibility. And tears were even shed, so anxious were the jurors not to be wrong.

An initial straw poll the jurors took of themselves was 8 to 4 for conviction, which suggests the method of selection might not be flawless. Out of such a division might have come a compromise: not guilty on that charge; guilty on this one. But one juror was a leader—a banker, a Harvard Business School graduate, a man of the big-business world—who led the jury through its tortuous deliberations to complete acquittal. And so it often is with juries that one man can make all the difference. Other juries—also, we may assume, picked with care—acquitted the Gainesville 8, the Chicago 7, the Camden 28, etc., without being portrayed as know-nothings, or causing the jury system to be questioned. But that, of course, was different.

Goldwater? Goldwater!

The media, for some months now, have had a Goldwater Problem, some unfinished business which, however you ran it up the flagpole, was devilishly difficult to deal with.

On the one hand was the Series A Media Goldwater. In Your Heart You Know He's Nuts. *That* Goldwater wanted to blow up the world, after a short interval in which he would grind the faces of the poor and probably restore slavery. His 1964 Convention had "the smell of fascism." Unlike the peaceable LBJ, with whom we were going all the way, *that* Goldwater would embroil us in Vietnam. A Strangelove. "I've often said that if I hadn't known Barry Goldwater in 1964 and I had to depend on the press and the cartoons, I'd have voted against the son of a bitch"—Senator Goldwater, October 30, 1973.

But what in the world are we to do *now*? Goldwater is widely perceived as an attractive, forthright, and principled individual. He is open and honest about Watergate and the other scandals. He speaks in the accents of common sense about a whole range of issues. He has been giving—and here is the *nub* of the problem—Richard Nixon a very hard time. This Series B Goldwater, how do we reconcile him with the earlier model?

First of all, you make a stab at the idea that the two models are not all *that* different (Roy Reed, "The Liberals Love Barry Goldwater Now," *New York Times Magazine*, April 7): the country has moved toward Goldwater on some things, Goldwater has mellowed on others, so let's bury the hatchet.

Maybe so, but it doesn't quite work. The nutty Strangelove just cannot elide into this statesmanlike image. So, therefore, you don't really try. Instinctively, the media have seized upon an insight of Ezra Pound, viz., that *narrative*, embodying continuity, is the form characteristic of rural life, but that the characteristic form of the urban consciousness is *discontinuity*, juxtaposition. Thus the *Cantos* today, and not the *Aeneid*. So, on the whole, where Goldwater is concerned we have simply flicked from Series A to Series B without any real attempt to establish continuity or correct the Series A version. Like switching to a new channel. You live *now*, not *then*.

This is no doubt one reason why, for example, CBS has been fighting furiously to prevent Vanderbilt University from accumulating a library of TV tapes, which would be available to scholars for comparative purposes.

Mideast: Where Is the Quo?

The visible achievements of Henry Kissinger's Middle East diplomacy have been spectacular. On the Sinai front, he began by arranging a separation of hostile forces. The Suez Canal is now being cleared by, among others, and of all things, the British navy, as well as our own. The Soviet Union has been excluded from this operation.

But this is only the beginning. The Arab oil embargo has been lifted. President Sadat of Egypt has taken an increasingly overt pro-Western and especially pro-U.S. stance, earning denunciations in *Pravda*. He has expelled some 15,000 Soviet military technicians and instructors and announced that henceforth Egypt will not depend upon the USSR for its modern weapons. Though Sadat did not say so in so many words, there can be only one *other* source of some required technology. In an interview featured prominently by the Cairo press, President Sadat said that the United States Navy might well be granted port facilities in Egypt; these for many years have been reserved for the Soviet navy. The U.S. carrier *Iwo Jima* had, meanwhile, dropped anchor six miles off Port Said, a symbolic gesture lost on no one. This change in the direction of Egyptian foreign policy, if consolidated, would mean a drastic shift in the strategic balance in the eastern Mediterranean. What that would imply, in turn, for the crucial oil-rich Persian Gulf need not be spelled out.

What has Kissinger promised to Sadat in order to bring all this to pass? In an interview with C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, Sadat became almost lyrical in re-

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gard to Kissinger: " 'You can trust Kissinger,' he says. 'He studies problems. He is loyal to American interests. And he is a strategist and a man of vision. He is a brilliant negotiator. He is flexible. He always sees the main point. He can get his government to make decisions. And he carries out his promises.' "

The great question now, however, is whether Kissinger really can do so. It is clear that the pro-Western policy of Sadat has profound implications for the future security of Israel, but it is clear, too, that the continuation of such policy involves a settlement of the territorial issues arising out of the Six Day War. Though Kissinger would never preside over the liquidation of Israel, a settlement *would* entail substantial Israeli concessions. In bringing that to pass, Kissinger's diplomacy faces not only the problem of political disarray within Israel itself but formidable political pressure in Washington.

If Kissinger has given Sadat assurances on which he cannot deliver, the end result could be diplomatic catastrophe, Soviet hegemony in the eastern Mediterranean, and ox carts on your local thruway.

Scenario for Disaster

The conventional reading has it that Valéry Giscard d'Estaing will be the next president of France, a narrow victor in the runoff election on May 19. Giscard got approximately 33 per cent of the vote against nearly 44 per cent for François Mitterrand, the Socialist-Communist candidate, in the first round on May 5, with the third major candidate, Gaullist Jacques Chaban-Delmas racking up a catastrophic 15 per cent. The rationale is that the Center-Right, which was split between Giscard and Chaban, will unite behind Giscard in the face of the Popular Front threat and that Giscard will also pick up substantial numbers of votes from splinter groups that supported the other nine candidates a week ago.

Some observations on factors that have been overlooked and that could add up to a Mitterrand victory:

1. The dynamism of the man. Mitterrand started in the French polls at about 30 per cent in early April right after Georges Pompidou's death. He has never stopped moving up and although he actually got only 44 per cent of the vote, less than the 45 per cent he himself said was necessary for a victory in the second round, the post-May 5 polls show that the election may be won by as little as one-half of 1 per cent. He will get the 3 per cent of the vote that went to the Trotskyist candidate in all probability, and possibly 1 per cent of the protest vote won by Jean Royer, the Poujadiste candidate of 1974.

2. The end of Gaullism. The first setback for the Gaullists was the referendum of 1969 that precipitated de Gaulle's resignation. The second strike against Gaullism was Pompidou's death. The third and final one, Chaban-Delmas' dismal showing a week ago. Some left-Gaullists, companions from the Resistance days, have felt all along that Giscard was instrumental in the Gaullist defeat in 1969, and there are signs that rather than vote for him, the assassin of their leader as so many regard him, they will either sit out May 19, or vote for Mitterrand. *France Soir*, France's largest circulation newspaper, stunned the pundits when it came out with an editorial endorsing Mitterrand last week. The editorial was signed by Philippe Viannay, a de Gaulle companion of the exile years.

3. The Social Tories. Segments of the haute bourgeoisie—the Parisian version of radical chic if you like—feel there has been an unjust distribution of wealth in France and that the five million Frenchmen who regularly vote Communist in national elections have been disfranchised in the last 25 years. They favor a broad Left majority grouped around Mitterrand to a Center-Right majority around Giscard. *Pas d'ennemi à gauche.* The spirit of detente plays its demoralizing role here as well.

4. Communist tactics. The Communist Party has played its hand brilliantly ever since Pompidou's death. It has put no pressures on Mitterrand that might scare off the little bourgeois voter; it has omitted calls for foreign policy changes from its campaign literature. The Communists have been moderately successful in their campaign to isolate Giscard on the right and in persuading the Social Tories—who would like to be persuaded—that a new Left majority in which the Communists would be the junior partners would express the will of the real France.

All this could add up to a Mitterrand victory. One factor still too new to have made its impact felt is what consequence Willy Brandt's dramatic resignation will have on the French electorate. Germany, after all, has been ruled for the past five years by a Social Democratic coalition that has become increasingly unpopular.

It will be touch and go but if Mitterrand and his Communist allies do win on May 19, it will mean that the three major Western European countries—England, France, and Germany, the mainstays of the Atlantic alliance—will all be ruled by Marxists. With Italy in permanent crisis, Portugal under a new and fragile military leadership, Spain with the aging Franco at the helm, this could be a huge step towards the Finlandization of Europe.

More Aid to India?

Within the Indian caste system, the United States is considered "untouchable"—except when the Indian government runs out of money. Then we are a very soft touch indeed, having contributed tens of billions of dollars to offset the effects of India's ruinous policies. "Throughout Asia and much of Africa and the Caribbean," explains Ernest van den Haag, "Indians are known as diligent workers and good businessmen. India, however, is run in such a way as to make it impossible for the many virtues of the Indian people to assert themselves." Economic life is nearly paralyzed and production made incredibly costly by the bureaucracy, says van den Haag, "and by a government which dis-

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regards the most elementary realities in favor of demagoguery, show business, and ideology." Our aid merely authorizes or instigates such policies, which in turn lead to periodic famines.

Despite or because of our help, India is pursuing the most pro-Soviet, anti-U.S. policy of all non-Communist Asian states. If failure to continue aid resulted in an even more pro-Soviet regime, says van den Haag, "it would place a heavy burden on the Soviet Union which would have to pay a high price for this additional support against China. It would, if anything, reduce the strength the Soviet Union can deploy against us." The same would be true, in reverse, if a Maoist faction gained control of India. Thus, more aid to India is not in the long-run interests of either the United States or the people of India. Aid has hardly inspired gratitude, and it has kept Indian voters and rulers from learning from experience.

John Stewart Service

"Time has vindicated them—John S. Service, John Paton Davies, John Carter Vincent, O. Edmund Clubb, and others less well known. . . . The chance to establish a friendly relationship with the winning side in China was lost." That is the new doctrine as regards these controversial foreign service officers, constantly reiterated, and put forward once again apropos of the publication of *Lost Chance in China: The World War II Despatches of John S. Service.*

The issue involving this group of men is not a simple one. For one thing, they are, and were, a various lot, and in the 1940s they were not all saying the same thing or employing the same emphases in their policy recommendations concerning the situation in China.

John Paton Davies, to take one of them, was more detached, much less of an enthusiast, than Service. Yet even Davies, in his admirable autobiography *Dragon by the Tail*, admits in retrospect that he erred seriously in some of his estimates of the Chinese Communists who were then in Yenan. For one thing, he says, he seriously underestimated the weight ideology played in their policies, and depicted them with too much assurance as pragmatists. Mr. Service, despite the incense now being burned to his acumen, went even further. In his Report No. 40, dated October 10, 1944, we find the following: "The example of a democratic, non-imperialist China will be much better counterpropaganda in Asia than the present [Kuomintang] regime. . . . The key to stability must be a strong, unified China. This can be accomplished only in a democratic foundation." You rub your eyes. What Service apparently means by a "democratic" regime is one run by the Yenan Communists. "The Communists have used their influence in a democratic way and to further democratic ends" (September 10, 1944). There is much more to the same effect.

In the celebrated *Amerasia* case, the FBI not only discovered that Service had transmitted classified documents to a Communist magazine, but wiretapped a conversation he had with Communist editor Philip Jaffe in which Service remarked: "Well, what I said about the military plans is, of course, very secret." Mr. Service later explained that he had chosen his words poorly.

It is possible that the central political contention of this group of foreign service officers was correct. They argued that in either a civil war or a coalition government the Yenan Communists would prevail. It followed from this that the best U.S. policy would be one designed to establish favorable relations with the Chinese Communists, perhaps splitting them from the Soviet Communists on nationalistic grounds. Whether Chiang's government could have been salvaged we will never know. That now, 30 years later, Richard Nixon has been able to exploit the Soviet-Chinese split proves little about the earlier policy recommendation. All those descriptions of the "democratic" Communists in Yenan do not support the present celebration of Mr. Service's neglected astuteness.

Those Transcripts

They sure don't read like *Moby Dick*
  Or, say, a Churchill letter,
But Lyndon's private rhetoric
  Would hardly play back better.
Indeed, if Jack had bugged the room,
  We'd gasp at his baloney;
So chisel on the Nixon tomb,
  "I did it with my Sony."

W. H. VON DREELE

Choice in Education

New Hampshire is moving ahead with a plan to test school vouchers. Five communities have voted to adopt the plan, and votes are pending in three others. The New Hampshire teachers' unions reacted with predictable hysteria. David Selden, state president of the American Federation of Teachers, attacked the "voucher vultures" and somehow saw the plan as "an encroachment on the rights of the citizens." Thomas Adams of the New Hampshire Education Association warned that schools may be established by "big business interests motivated by profit rather than educational excellence." The voucher experiments "would be conducted using your children," says Adams; "there is a risk of educational damage" if we change the "time-tested and proven approaches to education" (e.g., a recent federal survey shows that 4.8 per cent of students between the ages of 12 and 17 can't read at the fourth grade level).

Distrust of parents is central to all this. Parents, on this view, either don't care enough or aren't smart

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enough to select the best schools for their own children. Teachers alone should control the schools. And, presumably, car dealers should select your car, grocers your diet, and merchants your wardrobe. Nobody doubts his own judgment—it is always the other fellow who needs to be compelled to act in his own best interest.

Then there is the possibility of competition from schools using nonunion teachers (such schools must be nonsectarian, and must be approved by the State Board of Education). This is surely the real worry of the AFT and NEA. Since 1966, teachers' salaries have risen one-third faster than wages in general—a development which a Brookings Institution study attributes to "the increasing militancy and unionization of teachers." Even the relatively peaceful labor situation in 1972 was marred by a near-record of 375 strikes by government employees—particularly teachers.

Under the existing system, only those who can afford to move or pay double for schooling (public school taxes plus private school tuition) can effectively express dissatisfaction with children's education. Vouchers extend the range of choice and variety. The opinions of those who have an obvious interest in minimizing competition can hardly be taken too seriously. What matters are the opinions of parents and students.

Buckley and Evans v. AFTRA II

The United States Court of Appeals for the 2nd Circuit, after a rather extraordinary delay (case argued November 7, 1973; case decided April 30, 1974), reversed the finding of the lower court in the case of *William F. Buckley Jr., National Review, Inc., and M. Stanton Evans* v. *American Federation of Television and Radio Artists*. The decision was unanimous, giving the opinions of Judges Waterman, Friendly, and Timsers, reversing that of Judge Brieant.

Buckley et al. argued that the arrangement wherein AFTRA contracts with various broadcasters to require them to join the union is unconstitutional in that it imposes prior restraint on the right of news commentators to give their views.

Along the way, the union capitulated on the matter of membership. The present ruling fastens this capitulation on the union: *no one who gives the news or comments upon it can from this date on be compelled to join a union.* But the court did not relieve the plaintiffs of the obligation to pay union dues. What the court did, essentially, was to hold that the requirement to pay dues is constitutional because the district judge had found that plaintiffs derive "some benefit," even though "not substantial," from their membership in the union pension plans. The Court did not decide whether employees who derive "no demonstrable benefit" can be required to pay dues.

"My mother asked me how I would have liked being left in the care of the same people who handle Parcel Post."

The great big hole in the Court's argument, in the opinion of one plaintiff, is its holding that "where there is a proper governmental purpose for imposing a restraint and where the restraint is imposed so as not to 'unwarrantedly abridge' acts normally comprehended within the First Amendment, there is no abridgement of the First Amendment." A hole in the sense that nothing is more clearly an abridgement than to step in front of the microphone, as agents of the union have in effect done, and threaten to turn off the power, unless the dues are paid in. Nowhere did the court grapple with the arguments of counsel relying on *Near* v. *Minnesota*, on which the argument with respect to prior restraint rested.

The net effect is nevertheless liberating: we repeat. News broadcasters and opinion journalists need not join a union.

Whether they will be required to pay dues is a question that will in due course be settled when the Supreme Court acts, by either granting certiorari, or denying it. But much ground has already been won, for which credit is due to the National Right to Work Foundation, to Miss Edith Hakola of their legal staff, and, above all, to the attorney of record, Mr. C. Dickerman Williams.

Honor Roll

Economists who have publicly opposed wage-price controls from the beginning: **Armen Alchian**, UCLA; **William R. Allen**, Texas A&M; **Jules Backman**, NYU; **George Benston**, U. of Rochester; **Robert M. Bleiberg**, editor, *Barron's*; **George Borts**, Brown; **Yale Brozen**, U. of Chicago; **Karl Brunner**, U. of Rochester; **James Buchanan**, Virginia Polytech; **Carl Christ**, Johns Hopkins; **Lindley Clark** et al., *Wall Street Journal*; **Edward F. Denison**, the Brookings Institution; **Edgar Feige**, U. of Wisconsin; **Milton Friedman**, U. of Chicago; **Arthur Gandolfi**, Citi-

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bank; **Donald Gordon**, U. of Rochester; **Alan Greenspan**, Townsend-Greenspan & Co.; **C. Lowell Harriss**, Columbia; **Henry Hazlitt**, author and lecturer; **Jack Hirshleifer**, UCLA; **Hendrick Houthakker**, Harvard; **Harry G. Johnson**, U. of Chicago; **Jerry L. Jordon** et al., Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis; **Reuben Kessel**, U. of Chicago; **James Kuhn**, Columbia; **James Lothian**, Citibank; **James Lorie**, U. of Chicago; **Robert Lucas**, Carnegie-Mellon University; **William Meckling**, U. of Rochester; **Allan H. Meltzer**, Carnegie-Mellon University; **Roger LeRoy Miller**, U. of Washington; **Thomas Gale Moore**, Michigan State U.; **Walter Oi**, U. of Rochester; **Sam Peltzman**, U. of Chicago; **Edmund S. Phelps**, Columbia; **William Poole**, Federal Reserve Bank of Boston; **Leonard Reed** et al., Foundation for Economic Education; **Paul Craig Roberts**, Hoover Institution; **Murray Rothbard**, Brooklyn Polytech; **Thomas Saving**, Texas A&M; **Anna Schwartz**, National Bureau of Economic Research; **Jerome Stein**, Brown; **James Tobin**, Yale; **Gordon Tullock**, Virginia Polytech; **W. Allen Wallis**, chancellor, U. of Rochester: **Raburn Williams**, U. of Hawaii; **William Wolman** et al., Argus Research Corp.; **Leland Yeager**, U. of Virginia.

Better late than never (those who reversed their previous support for controls): **C. Jackson Grayson Jr.**, former head of the Price Commission; **George C. Hagedorn** et al., National Association of Manufacturers; **Paul McCracken**, former head of the Council of Economic Advisers; **George Meany**, AFL-CIO.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

The pen trembles in my hand. I quote from Random Notes (March 15), "JUST OUT: Belloc biographer Robert Speaight now limns murky French Catholic thinker-polemicist *Georges Bernanos* for Liveright ($8.95)."

Saeva indignatio ulterius cor lacerat.

Bernanos. The most profound reactionary (not merely conservative) of a century. The greatest Catholic writer.

Murky.

MURKY!!!

Correct and punish instantly.

John Lukacs
Professor of History
Chestnut Hill College
Chestnut Hill, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Again, in spite of all warnings not to do so, you have dared to be on the same program with Mr. Galbraith. And again, as is ineluctable in such an appearance, he has come across as an informed adult and you as a puling sophomore (high school) using sarcasm instead of reason or logic.

Why do you do it? Your "image" as that brilliant young debater has suffered again.

Very truly yours,
Edith M. Bitts
Stockton, Pa.

I do it, madame, to emphasize the senility of Professor Galbraith. —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

For purposes of solicitation, Liberty Lobby two days ago sent a copy of their *Liberty Letter*. From it I have learned wondrous things—one of which is that you have been posing for years and that you really are a tinhorn phony.

Enclosure: "DEEP COVER CONSERVATIVE. Three months ago we noted that William F. Buckley Jr., the publisher of the famous hoax magazine, NATIONAL REVIEW, had been discovered to have been employed by the CIA—his boss at the time being Watergater E. Howard Hunt. Now, columnist Jack Anderson reports that Buckley has admitted that he was a 'deep cover agent' for the agency in 1951 and 1952. And another Watergater, Frank Sturgis, says that for all he knows, Buckley still may be a secret agent. This explains a lot—particularly Buckley's vicious smear of Liberty Lobby which he published in his magazine in 1971. We wonder how much he was paid by the CIA to run that smear, or how much subsidy his boring magazine receives from the CIA to keep it going? Now we see that internationalist Buckley was confirmed by the Senate as U.S. Representative to the UN, a position equal to that of UN Ambassador John Scali. Buckley, who has been posing all these years as a 'responsible conservative,' is now revealing himself as a tinhorn phony from the start."

Tell me, Mr. Buckley, does your wife approve of your being a secret agent tinhorn phony?

Sincerely,
J. Cleveland White Jr.
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Mr. White: *Shh!!* She doesn't know. But *I* know—friends talk—that she has wondered why I never go anywhere without my tin horn. Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Sirs:

Bill Buckley, in a recent column [see "On The Right"], said that the charges against Mitchell and Stans were "just this side of incredible." I have always wondered: just which side of incredible is Bill Buckley on???

Rev. Christopher S. Gray
969 Park Avenue
New York City

On God's side, Reverend. Cordially, **—WFB**

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A Bunch of Squares

P. HI, HOW ARE YOU? You had quite a day, didn't you? You got Watergate on the way, didn't you?

D: We tried.

Those are the first words of the first transcript, for September 15, 1972. Mr. Nixon (hereafter P) likes an aspect of the FBI investigation of Watergate because "it makes it [Watergate] look so (adjective deleted) funny." "What crazy things we do," he says. He praises Dean (hereafter D) for his skill at "putting your fingers in the leaks that have sprung up here and sprung up there." The grand jury has just handed down its Watergate indictments, only seven of them, no one higher than White House consultant Hunt, or Liddy of CREEP. Dean says CREEP is bitter about "taking all the heat." P: "We are all in it together." D outlines his idea for what will become known as the "enemies list." P wants it "comprehensive," promises to use it. D: "What an exciting prospect." P: "Thanks."

February 28, 1973. Long chatty ramble between P and D. They are obviously relaxed together. D rarely says "Sir" or "Mr. President." About Watergate, P says, "This is mainly a public relations thing anyway." He thinks Sirica has delayed sentencing the original seven defendants because he is trying to "break them down." D says the seven are "hanging in tough." P ponders clemency in six months. D says that would be politically impossible.

MARCH 13, 1973. "Sloan [former Treasurer of the Reelect Finance Committee] will be the worst witness." Sloan "has a compulsion to cleanse his soul by confession. We are giving him a lot of stroking." P asks if D is getting the White House "on the offensive" to counter Watergate critics. P asks: "Do you need any IRS stuff?" D says "we can get right in and get what we need." D says Watergate is a "bullet biter," suggests a "let it all hang out" approach to making information about it public. P: "We have passed that point." After complaining about "dishonest" TV reporting, D assures P that Magruder and Porter (a CREEP official) will be good witnesses: "They have already been through grand jury. They have been through trial. They did well." (They had perjured themselves.) Dean assured P that Strachan (aide to White House chief-of-staff H. R. Haldeman—hereafter H), who knew about Watergate, had "stonewalled" (lied to authorities by professing ignorance about what the authorities were investigating) before and would do it again: "They would have a hell of a time proving that Strachan had knowledge of it, though."

MARCH 17, 1973. D tells P about Ellsberg burglary. P says it is news to him. P's reaction: "Ervin's rules of relevancy" will keep the subject out of the Senate hearings.

March 20, 1973. In a telephone conversation with P, D offers this advice on handling the Ervin hearings: "Stonewall, with lots of noises that we are always willing to cooperate, but no one is asking us for anything." P suggests D do a "report" on Watergate so they could say "you've made a complete statement, but make it very incomplete." Dean wants a meeting tomorrow.

March 21, 1973. D: "We are being blackmailed" and "people are going to start perjuring themselves very quickly that have not had to perjure themselves to protect other people in the line. And there is no assurance—" P:"That that won't bust?" D: "That that won't bust." D briefs P on how the original break-in occurred. When Liddy first told Mitchell [hereafter M] his plans for burglaries, kidnappings, providing prostitutes to weaken the opposition at the Democratic Convention in Miami, etc., M "just sat there puffing and laughing." M didn't want it. But Colson and Strachan pushed for action. P: "The Democrats had just nominated McGovern. I mean, (expletive deleted), what in the hell were those people doing? I can see their doing it earlier. . . ." D says regarding the coverup that before the election, "I worked on a theory of containment—" P: "Sure." D. "Try to hold it right there." P: "Right." D says H, Ehrlichman (hereafter E), M, and himself are involved in obstruction of justice.

Hunt will be sentenced in two days and demands $120,000 or he confesses about the Ellsberg burglary and "some other things." D says paying this next step in the blackmail "will compound the obstruction of justice situation. It will cost money. It is dangerous. People around here are not pros at this sort of thing. This is the sort of thing the Mafia people can do: washing money, getting clean money, and things like that. We just don't know about those things because we are not criminals and are not used to dealing in that business." P: "That's right." D: "It's a tough thing to know how to do." P: "Maybe it takes a gang to do that." D says "there is no denying the fact that the White House, in Ehrlichman, Haldeman, and Dean are [sic] involved in some of the early money decisions." P: "How much do you need?" D says a million dollars. P says they could get it, "But the question is who the hell would handle it? Any ideas on that?" D: "That's right. Well, I think that is something that Mitchell ought to be charged with." P: "I would think so too." Soon they are talking about asking for a new grand jury to stall the Senate hearings. D: "You can take the Fifth Amendment." P: "That's right." H: "You can say you've forgotten too can't you?" D: "Sure but you are chancing a very high risk for perjury situation." P: "But you can say you don't remember, you can say I can't recall. I can't give any answer to that that I can recall." P asks if $120,000 payment for Hunt is not "the prime thing you damn well better get that done?" D: "You have to wash the money. You can get $100,000 out of a bank, and it all comes in serialized bills." P: "I understand." D: "And that means you have to go to Vegas with it or a bookmaker in New York City. I have learned all these things after the fact, I will be in great shape for the next time around." H: "(expletive deleted)." Moments later H says, "We are so (adjective deleted) square that we get caught at everything." □

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The Coming Hangover

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

IT DID NOT take much of a coup (=*Fr.* "blow") to topple Premier Marcello Caetano's government. The government had been decaying from within for years, and simply collapsed last month at the gentlest of pushes from General Antonio de Spinola acting as receiver in bankruptcy. It is possible, even, that the transfer of the mounting debts and depleted assets had been privately arranged beforehand. It is otherwise hard to understand why Caetano's censors would have authorized, a few months ago, publication of General Spinola's book asserting the failure of Portugal's African policy.

Portugal is one of the world's oldest states. The Portuguese constructed their nation in the process of driving the Arabs out of their mountains, valleys, and beaches, which are Europe's southwestern promontory, shore of the boundless ocean. Their knights and princes and bishops were in the vanguard of the Crusaders' fleets. Their navigators led the West's global explosion. Their soldiers and priests and traders planted their flag on the islands of the South Pacific, the shores of the Indian subcontinent, the savannas and jungles of Africa, and deep into the core of South America. For so small a country, with a minor proportion of tillable soil, meager resources, and little population, the historical record is dazzling.

So perhaps it was not the oddity it seemed that Portugal held on longer than any of her richer, more populous sisters to an imperial role. But the load of the past was too much for Portugal to carry. The breaking point has now been reached. The question now is whether anything, at home or overseas, can be salvaged.

From what I have so far been able to gather about him, General Spinola seems to be a fairly able soldier and administrator, patriotic, more or less liberal-minded or, as people say, "idealistic." He also gives the impression of being politically naive.

On the domestic front, Spinola replaced the old government by a military Junta of—as he christened it in the Latin style—National Salvation. He announced that all civil liberties were in immediate effect, released all political prisoners, welcomed back all exiles, removed all restrictions on free speech and assembly, turned the streets over to everybody, and promised a 100 per cent free and open election of a new democratic government within a year.

His proposal for the African territories (I haven't seen any references to Timor and Macao), outlined vaguely in his book, *Portugal and the Future*, is to join Mozambique, Angola, and Portuguese Guinea with the homeland in a sort of four-member federation.

On the face of it neither the domestic nor the overseas program looks very realistic; in fact, both began to crumble in the midst of the red-carnationed carnival in the streets. General Spinola and his fellow generals have no political base of their own. Their control even of the army is not assured. It is said that the primary impetus to the ouster of Caetano came not from the generals but from junior officers—"the captains"; many of the conscripted soldiers, at home as well as in Africa, are discontented; and there are still old-liners.

Under the dictatorship the only opposition political formations that could build substantial organized strength were those adapted to underground activity or linked to outside allies. On both counts this means primarily the Marxist parties, as was promptly confirmed on the streets, where the euphoric crowds—often enough becoming mobs—were led for the most part by Communists, Socialists, Maoists, and Trotskyists.

Finland Station Replay?

Mario Soares, the leftward leaning chief of the Socialist Party, arrived by train from exile in France to be greeted by mobs at the railroad station on the model—the precedent was on everyone's lips—of Lenin's arrival in 1917 at the Finland Station. A few days later, larger mobs thundered cheers for the returning Communist leader, Alvaro Cunhal. Soares and Cunhal rode in triumph through the streets of Lisbon, sealed the united front between their parties, demanded seats for each other in Spinola's provisional government, and maneuvered to bring at least the left Social Democrats into their coalition. There was a smell of Allende's Popular Alliance in the air. And a first but discernible whiff, too, of a reviving strategy laid out by the Kremlin 40 years ago for dominating Western Europe by squeezing it between Communist Eastern Europe and a Communist controlled Iberian peninsula.

Southern Africa's Future

Neither Soares nor Cunhal bothered to hide his scorn for Spinola's African federation idea. They called for immediate independence of the three major territories—by which they meant turning them over to the Soviet armed revolutionary organizations that have been mounting their terrorist campaigns from neighboring sanctuaries. Their proposal coincided with what the leaders of Frelimo (Mozambique), MPLA (Angola), and PAIGC (Guinea) were simultaneously demanding from Africa.

The final act in the vast drama of European colonialism began with the collapse of the Salazar-Caetano regime. In our era, only Communist colonialism is permitted.

There was much wrong and some evil in Portugal's African conduct, but in the postwar generation there has also been much that is promising and some things that are admirable. In Angola and Mozambique (and in Portugal's colossal South American child) there is less racial discrimination and racist sentiment than in any other part of sub-Saharan Africa—perhaps as little as in any nation composed of distinct races. Just possibly they might find a route to development as genuinely integrated countries—might some day become African Brazils. If that is too utopian to take seriously, there may be at least some chance that they can move more or less peacefully toward black ruled independence in the pattern of the French and British colonies. The other and more probable alternatives are likely to include a good deal of bloodshed. The repercussions cannot be confined to the presently Portuguese territories. All of southern Africa is now moving toward decisive crisis. □

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Inside Ms.

Of Ms. and Men

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

IN WHAT magazine can you find both a memoir by Simone de Beauvoir and an ad with Smokey the Bear? Answer: *Ms.* It is *the* feminist magazine, the one with Gloria Steinem, with slick paper, full-color, full-page Chevrolet ads, and lots of articles by and about well known women. It is a rather attractive magazine to look at, and though I don't think highly of it, it avoids most of the invective of the violent "underground" feminist press. I've only seen the phrase "male chauvinist pig" once in the pages of *Ms.*, and I think it was intended rather humorously at that. The magazine's coarseness is intellectual rather than vituperative. *Ms.* seems to be to women's lib what *Vogue* is to the unlib. It is given not only to advocating what it perceives as the cause of women, but also to celebrating women—but in the masculine terms of status and achievement—while denouncing masculinity. A little bizarre; very doctrinaire.

In a way it reminds me of racial theorists. Not that *Ms.* is at all genocidal (or "sexicidal," as it would probably say); I mean something very different. However plausible the theory of, say, Teutonic superiority may seem, you rarely hear it from those who are adduced in proof of it. Mozart doesn't give you a doctrine about the Aryan race; he gives you *Don Giovanni*; just as Goethe produces *Faust*, and Kant his critiques and prolegomena: highly individualized perceptions, reified as richly textured, profoundly ordered works of art and philosophy, each unique. The crude doctrine that lumps such things into a mass comes not from these men, who, even if they agreed with it abstractly, would take no practical interest in it; but from intellectual and moral runts whose very enthusiasm for it reveals their need to cash in on it, to take a derivative self-esteem from the achievements of others to whom they enjoy only an accidental similarity. In the same way, Jane Austen has given us *Pride and Prejudice*: Gloria Steinem gives us *Ms.*

Every dogma has its day, and the dogma *du jour* is that Women Are Oppressed. That notion seems to elicit favorable noises from the least likely people, including such feminist bogeypersons as Pope Paul and Hugh Hefner (though *Playboy*'s notion of sexual equality probably means no more than going Dutch treat on the abortion). *Ms.* abounds in articles purporting to show how women are oppressed, and how much they have managed to achieve anyway. Many pieces center on feminist heroines—either volunteers like Bella Abzug and Billie Jean King, or conscripts from the past like Gertrude Stein and Marilyn Monroe ("the woman who died too soon," Ms. Steinem calls her); and there are regular short features about "lost women," who have not received their due from male historians—e.g., pirates Anne Bonney and Mary Read.

One's immediate response to this jumble of heroines is to wonder at the magazine's sheer indiscriminancy. If the dignity of women depends upon their having contributed conspicuously to the advance of civilization, what is gained—making all allowances for oppression—by exhuming such as Anne Royall, a feisty nineteenth century publisher who was convicted and fined as a "common scold," granting that the charge was trumped up? It's as if some white supremacist were to support his thesis by citing the invention of the waffle iron. And if the male sex has been historically brutal, one would expect a female victim to tell more poignant atrocity stories than the one recounted by Jane Alpert, who recalled bitterly that her ex-lover had once scrawled her a message in Magic Marker on their refrigerator: "WASH ME." (She went on to say she no longer regretted his death in the Attica

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revolt.) This in a manifesto embracing everything from prehistory to the apocalypse—a manifesto printed in *Ms.* with great fanfare, including a special introduction. By Gloria Steinem.

The same indiscriminancy appears in the magazine's rhetoric, which often verges on the Symbionese: "sexism," "oppression," "exploitation," "liberation," and so forth, all the jargon of the Seventies assumed complacently, dogmatically, as if it not only corresponded to reality but were also self-explanatory. "WASH ME": that's oppression? Or what? Is all sexual discrimination "sexism"? Is it always bad, or just as a rule? Is any injustice of men to women, as such, "oppressive"? (One man wrote in *Ms.*, "I would even [!] argue that in specific situations a woman can oppress a man.") If women are oppressed in the same way Negroes have been—some feminists would say their oppression has been worse—then why isn't this likewise reflected in lower academic scores, shorter life spans, etc.? Oddly enough, even though women *do* live longer than men, and even though our society frowns on men who kill women, one finds in *Ms.* a good deal of talk about "survival," as if merely staying alive and sane were a difficulty of women as such (most of the patients in the mental hospital I used to work in were men), or as if men were waiting to wipe out fractious women at the first opportune moment.

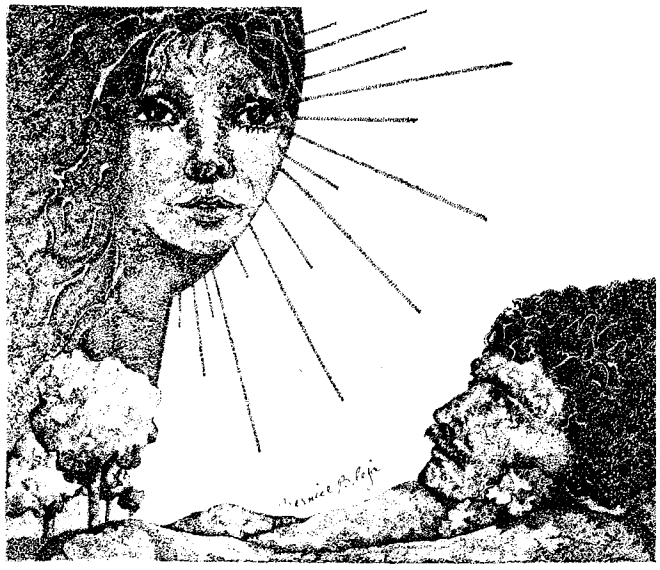
One finds in Ms. *a good deal of talk about "survival." . . . as if men were waiting to wipe out fractious women at the first opportune moment*

Arlene Croce has observed that the women's liberation movement is the only movement that has to devote full time to convincing its constituents that they are oppressed. Some liberationists acknowledge this, but insist that it merely strengthens their case: that is, women are *so* oppressed that they don't even *know* they're oppressed. Which means that those who don't know the bad news must be told. *Ms.* tells them. It calls this process "consciousness-raising." When a woman learns to throw around words like "sexism"—one of those loathsome neologisms better suited to imprecation than to analysis—her *consciousness* has been certifiably *raised*. I don't much envy that creature whose mind is elevated from what it was by contact with *Ms.*, but she apparently exists, and in profusion. ("There are so many places in this country," Ms. Alpert wrote Ms. Steinem, ". . . where *Ms.* is literally the only thing that stands between a woman and utter insanity.")

Nor is it just her intellect that is enhanced; it is also her sense of herself as put upon by the world, and therefore her self-righteousness too; and consequently her bellicosity. Which is ironic, since *Ms.* depicts women as above all gentle (Lady Macbeth was a male fantasy), and not given to the "male powermongering" that is now "a threat to our survival as a species." They are sensitive Rousseauean essences thrust into a world of Hobbesian brutes, brutes who first paw, then enslave, forcing them to have babies and darn socks. Under the helplessly, unwillingly alluring flesh—it is a constant theme of *Ms.*—is the Real Me. Like Yeats's girl in "For Anne Gregory," she wants to be loved "for myself alone and not my yellow hair." Instead the Real Me must fight off the rough attacks and outwit the seductive snares of the male: but it is very hard. Some women are driven to suicide, like Sylvia Plath and Marilyn Monroe; others, like Ingrid Bengis, throw up a lot. The survivors are now politicizing.

Now I have always fancied myself a mighty sensitive fellow, but not ipso facto at odds with other men; in fact I agree with Professor Higgins that "by and large we are a marvelous sex." So I was shocked to find in *Ms.* some expression of doubt about whether men can be reformed, or (as they put it) "humanized." I felt a kind of gratitude to one correspondent who ventured the following surmise: "I think the male can learn to respect and perhaps adopt these [desirable, i.e., feminine] attributes, if trained to do so early in life." That, in *Ms.*, must be taken as a handsome concession, on the order of Dr. Johnson's "Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be *caught* young."

Still, *Ms.* leaves no doubt that men are, at least for the present, a bad lot. Its writers know some awfully dirty words—I would blush to repeat some of them—but right down there among their devil-terms are *male* and its variants: one reads of "*male* powermongering," or so-and-so's "*masculinist* need to boast," even amid macho butt-kicking talk about what women are going to do to their oppressors. A woman in a Thurber cartoon coos to a startled man, "I just *love* the idea of there being two sexes, don't you?" And most of us would answer, with a kind of reverent mirth: Yes. But to *Ms.*, there being two sexes shows an annoying want of economy in the Creator. One sex (and maybe a sperm bank)—that would be swell. Three sexes, seven, 41—okay, so long as they were all equal. But it's the stark asymmetries of *these* two sexes—one big and strong, the other small and soft and fertile—they find so vexing. Even a special feature on the "fathering instinct" failed to suggest how it differs from the maternal one; indeed, you gather from it that the two instincts *shouldn't* differ (one subject insists he's not a "father" but a "parent"). There is nothing admirable or lovable in those things that make men



Mr. Sobran edits the Arts & Manners section.

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men; there are no *masculine* virtues. Only "human" ones, which men may acquire. Perhaps. Especially if they be *caught* young.

Ms. does want to catch them young. Every issue has "stories for free children," which means children who are "free" of traditional concepts of distinctive sexual roles ("sexist hangups"). A child of either sex may have a healthy interest in sex, but will at least lack masculine ardor, and is therefore humanizable, if not downright human. A recent issue had a special section "for free children," including excerpts from Marlo Thomas' new book *Free to Be . . . You and Me* (the Real You, the Real Me), and a bill of rights for children. The latter listed ten rights: Sexual Freedom, Political Power, Self-determination (a child who wants to run away should have access to a day care center or, if he prefers, a children's commune; he shouldn't have to join the circus), and so forth, right down to the right to Responsive Design (an environment without hazards or rough edges; one which would free him from adult control—and, no doubt, free the adult from adult responsibility). The only right missing was the right to be born. But that would have made 11, an awkward number for a bill of rights; and more to the point, would have conflicted with what Ms. Alpert calls "Mother Right."

Sent from underground (she is still a fugitive from the FBI from her Weatherman days), Ms. Alpert's manifesto, the most ambitious *Ms.* has carried to date, combined rancorous memoir with prophetic fury. Its hatred of nature and history, both of which (as Shulamith Firestone has said) are oppressive, produced a corresponding idealization of prehistory (it was matriarchal) and of the future (it *shall* be matriarchal). The world, she wrote, is approaching the final crisis: "Could it not be that just at the moment masculinity has brought us to the brink of nuclear destruction or ecological suicide, women are beginning to rise in response to the Mother's call to save Her planet and create instead the next stage of evolution?" She demanded that "Technology" be "turned over to women *now*," though admitting it would probably have to be taken by force. "Technology," in the right hands, would relieve women of the biological burden of bearing children—inventing the cabbage leaf, as it were—but women would still retain "the power of female consciousness, of the Mother."

This article "drew more reader reaction than any other piece we have published," the magazine announced a few issues later, and printed seven pages of perfervid letters. There were some demurrals (which, the editors noted, were not really representative), but even they, to judge from the published selection, accepted Ms. Alpert's, and *Ms.*'s, central assumption: that men are good only insofar as they resemble and subserve women. One sex is the norm; the other an aberration. Like *Playboy*, *Ms.* regards its own gender as the right one, the other a mere extension of it. And indeed if this is so, there is no reason to exalt marriage and procreative sex, which are both suspect for *Ms.* (as for *Playboy*). It is elaborately tolerant of deviancy, whether in the form of lesbianism, male homosexuality, or abortion; full of blueprints for new "lifestyles," like marriage contracts that divide the husband's income and the wife's household chores, making both partners "equal" (presumably, these equal spouses, hearing a prowler in the night, are to flip a coin to decide who goes downstairs).

Such equality, unfortunately, works only one way, as Dr. Johnson observed: "Your levelers wish to level *down* as far as themselves; but they cannot bear leveling *up* to themselves." *Ms.* confirms this in oddly casual ways, as in a recent article on woman lawyers that approvingly quoted one who represents women in divorce cases. She argued that woman lawyers, questioning "traditional sex roles," were more likely to come up with "creative" new terms of divorce: "For example, most divorce settlements provide that the husband *may* visit his children. I think visitation should be obligatory." Apparently the "traditional sex roles" are not to be so radically changed as to abandon the practice of giving custody to the mother; but let that pass. Let us simply look at the revised roles as the Creative will shape them. John and Jane Doe, say, marry; Jane gets pregnant; John wants the child; Jane doesn't, and exercises her unqualified prerogative of getting it aborted; and that's that. Now take the opposite case: Jane is pregnant; John doesn't want the kid; Jane does, and refuses to abort it; they divorce; John has to support the kid he never wanted. But that's not all: if Jane gets the right lawyer, John may also have to visit the child, or face the penalty of the law. Clearly, John is not free to be . . . him.

Some women are driven to suicide, like Sylvia Plath and Marilyn Monroe; others, like Ingrid Bengis, throw up a lot. The survivors are now politicizing

"If women's lib wins," Gloria Steinem has written, "perhaps we all do." Perhaps. And if the Equal Rights Amendment passes, perhaps we will all win the thousands upon thousands of lawsuits that will surely ensue. Perhaps a nation's spirit is fortified by a multiplicity of new laws, by vengeful litigation, by frivolous social criticism, by coarse ideological abstractions, and by relentlessly cynical assaults on old customs and civilities. Perhaps anything. If so, then *Ms.* is good for us. Damned good. □

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ARAB OIL

The Cost of Interdependence

JOHN W. BOWLING

THE GATES of history often swing noiselessly. That aspect of the Arab oil cutoff which may be the most portentous of all has attracted no attention from governments and commentators in Europe, Japan, and North America. Yet the oil cutoff probably destroyed one of the great myth-assumptions of liberal democracy and economic determinism in international relations. And it has therefore raised again a counter-assumption which was dominant, under varying guises, in the past, and which will probably become again an underpinning of statesmanship.

In the seventeenth and most of the eighteenth centuries Western European statesmen operated under widely accepted economic precepts generally known under the rubric of mercantilism. A major aspect of mercantilism was the idea that autarky, or economic self-sufficiency, of the political unit was an unalloyed good. The state planted colonies and regulated commerce mercilessly in order to accumulate specie, build up a merchant marine, promote manufacturing, expand exports, limit imports, and avoid so far as possible any dependence for an essential raw material or manufactured product on sources outside the state's political control.

In the nineteenth century much of the West, led by Britain and influenced by the sound economic sense of Adam Smith and other Whig thinkers, consciously abandoned mercantilism and the goal of self-sufficiency in favor of free trade and the goal of rising living standards brought about through utilizing relative advantages in production. This involved the abolition of artificial curbs on the exchange of goods, and reliance on the free market as the regulator most likely to maximize production, consumption, and, ergo, human welfare.

But even those states which embraced these eminently sensible doctrines (neither the United States nor Russia was among them) simultaneously pursued an imperial policy which brought most of the globe under the political control of Western European states and therefore guaranteed to those states access to most of the raw materials and skills they needed to avoid dependence on a foreign political entity for those things the deprivation of which could result in social disruption or military impotence.

For all the talk of free trade and the market, the great power and trading blocs of the world were relatively self-sufficient in 1914: Germany plus Eastern Europe and the Balkans, Western Europe plus its colonial empires, the Russian Empire, and the United States. It was only after World War II that the

modern doctrine of international trade began to spread. First, it was realized that comparative advantages in the factors of production had as yet barely been tapped as a source of increased production. Second, it was held that interdependence was not a thing to be avoided but a thing to be embraced for political reasons. Thus the West, under the leadership of the United States, promoted interdependence by demolishing barriers to the exchange of goods across international frontiers and at the same time applauded the destruction of the empires which had earlier provided for a comforting autarkic framework within which nineteenth century free trade could operate.

There were two exceptions. The Marxist states, Russia and later China, never bought any part of the doctrine of interdependence. The other exception was the average Asian, African, and Latin American nation. Though they, the West, and the Communists all spoke of the "Third World struggle to raise living standards," it has always been obvious that the new states consistently sacrificed living standards on the altars of military and industrial self-sufficiency, or at least as much self-sufficiency as they could manage with the very inadequate skills, resources, and political structures at their disposal.

Interdependence, to the West, was not only the key to unlimited prosperity, but was also the key to security; according to the dogma, interdependence leads to cooperation, which leads to perceived common interests and understanding, which in turn lead to security and peace. But all the time America and its allies were consciously attempting to bend the Russians to the West's will (which was to leave one's neighbors alone) by cutting off trade at a time when Russia appeared to be dependent on foreign production.

IT IS characteristic of our age that our best and brightest can assume that our ancestors' patterns of conception and action were irrational and superstitious. We find it hard to accept the idea that if such patterns appear to be useless, it is quite possible that our own ignorance and cultural blinders may be responsible for that appearance, and that the former practice may make very good sense indeed. It may have been prevalent because it literally did prevail through the centuries over other, alternative, practices.

And so history catches up with us. Interdependence paid off with all the economic advantages its proponents hoped for. But harsh reality now intrudes, and we find that interdependence means dependence on others. Within a sovereign political community this presents no problem, but in the

(Continues on page 605)

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PORTUGAL

The Spirit of Regeneration

PETER WITONSKI

REGENERATION has been the dominant theme of Portuguese politics since the Enlightenment, when the Marquis of Tombal began the thankless task of pumping fresh life into the badly administered Lusitanian empire. Since that time Portuguese as diverse as the Duke of Saldanha, Sidónio Pais, Antonio Oliveira Salazar, and, most recently, General Antonio de Spinola have sought to rally the Portuguese people under the banner of political and social regeneration. Indeed, the first modern Portuguese political party, founded in the wake of the events of 1848, with the Brazilian secession still on everybody's mind, called itself the party of the *Regeneradores*. Like all Portuguese political movements before or since, it looked for inspiration to the Golden Age of Discovery, to the days when men like Prince Henry and Vasco da Gama carried the Portuguese flag to the four corners of the world. The greatest Portuguese liberal of the nineteenth century, Alexandre Herculano, noted that decadent Portugal, debauched and weakened by years of neglect and incompetence, could only be saved from certain oblivion by the spirit of regeneration.

The same regenerating spirit that motivated, in our own century, the Republican revolution of 1910 and the Salazarist *Estado Nova* of 1926 also inspired the leaders of last month's bloodless coup d'etat. Whether the present Junta of National Salvation and its charismatic leader, General Spinola, will be able to succeed where other regenerators have failed remains to be seen; but it is clear that they consider regeneration to be their main task. Indeed, the book that inspired the coup in the first place, General Spinola's *Portugal and the Future*, is full of the old-fashioned rhetoric of regeneration. The General passionately argues that Portugal, once "the Crown on fair Europe's head" as Camões described his country, must rise or cease to exist.

Portugal and the Future is a work very much within the Portuguese tradition. Writing as a patriotic soldier who has served his country overseas, Spinola models himself on the sixteenth century soldier-humanist Diogo do Couto, whose equally bitter *Dialogo do Soldado Practico* complained about similar corruption and incompetence in 1599. Unlike Couto's classic, Spinola's book proposes no revolutionary reform. Aside from recognizing the seriousness of the problems confronting Portugal in Europe and Africa, he writes like the good Salazarist he has always been, speaking vaguely of regeneration, but making few concrete proposals and saying nothing that has not already been said by Portuguese political leaders—the ousted premier, Marcello Caetano, among them. He is alarmed, he says, by the psychological sterility of his country, the conduct of the African wars, the mass emigration to France and the Americas, and the runaway inflation.

NOW THAT he has been given his "mandate"—a term he himself used in the wake of the coup—by the leaders of the Junta, his views on what needs to be done have become a little clearer, but the Portuguese and their allies still remain uncertain about what it all means. He has promised free elections, universal suffrage, legal political parties of all persuasions, and an end to the antediluvian practices of the Salazar regime. He has abolished the dreaded secret police, although it is not yet clear how many of these policemen were actually captured; and he has freed some of Portugal's political prisoners, although by no means all of them. Political forces long dormant have come into the open under Spinola's benign grant. The outlawed Communist Party is already organizing the trade unions and plastering the walls with revolutionary slogans, and the Marxist-Socialist leader, Mario Soares, has returned from his long exile in Paris to prepare his followers for the end of capitalism in Portugal. The General has ushered in a spirit of chaotic political euphoria which, for all his great popularity, he may find difficult to contain.

One thing is clear. General Spinola may be temporarily *with* the leftist forces that are presently singing his praises, but he is not *of* them; and it would be hard to believe that he has much use for them, despite his warm embrace of Soares upon his return to Lisbon. The General is the antithesis of a revolutionary. It is now clear that he was not, at first, even involved in the coup itself. His book, for all its regenerationism, was a counterrevolutionary document, and all his life he has behaved in the manner of the quintessential Portuguese rightist. No one could look or act less like a revolutionary than this battle-seasoned martinet, with his monocle and his arrogant riding crop.

Spinola, unlike many of the Salazarist leaders, did not come from humble origins. He was born into great wealth (his father was one of Salazar's closest economic advisers) and is linked by marriage to the two most powerful industrial concerns in Portugal, the Companhia União Fabril and the Champalimaud group. During the Spanish Civil War, shortly after his graduation from the military college, he volunteered to fight on Franco's side in the famous Portuguese Legion. He later received advanced military training in Nazi Germany, and served as an observer with the German army on the Russian front during World War II. He first came to public attention as the commander in Portuguese Guinea, where his brilliant military tactics, and his ability to rally the local population to his cause, turned the tide of the war in Portugal's favor, and helped to create his own legend.

When he returned to Portugal last fall, he received the nation's highest decoration, and became Deputy Chief of Staff of the army. His book, it is thought, was initially begun at the suggestion of Prime Minister Caetano, who was himself dissatisfied with the conduct of the wars in Africa. As early as 1962, Caetano had written a long memorandum to Dr. Salazar in which he called for a federation of semi-independent Lusitanian states. With the situation in Mozambique growing more

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precarious every day, Caetano decided to revive his old idea, and to use the popular Spinola as his stalking horse. However, when the book was published and became an instant bestseller the old Salazarist *ultras*, led by Admiral Americo Thomaz, the President of the Republic, recoiled against its basic theory, that Portugal could not win its wars in Africa by force of arms alone. Spinola was sacked, just as Caetano was sacked by Salazar in 1962.

Spinola's sacking, after an aborted coup in March, was the prelude to the April 25 coup. Had Admiral Thomaz and his followers read the book more closely they would have found themselves in large agreement with Spinola's conclusions; and had they handled things more circumspectly—in the way Salazar would have handled them—they would probably still be in power today. By transforming Spinola into a patriotic martyr, they succeeded only in uniting Portuguese of all political persuasions behind him. The book itself is predicated upon a cardinal rule of Salazarism: that Africa ends at the Pyrenees. "Without Africa," the General declares, "Portugal will be reduced to a meaningless canton in a Europe which has assumed the proportions of a giant. . . . Africa is essential to our survival. . . . Without our overseas provinces we would have to opt between the poverty of the underdog or absorption by Spain. . . . We might even become a Soviet thorn placed in the flanks of the West." Such words could have been penned by Salazar himself.

It was Spinola's emphasis on a non-military, political solution to the African wars that most disturbed Admiral Thomaz. Spinola was convinced that he owed his success in Guinea more to his ability to "win the hearts and minds of the people" than to his military strength. If it worked for me in Guinea, it could work in Angola and Mozambique, he argued. But what seemed radical to Admiral Thomaz will strike the renascent Portuguese Left as reactionary. Aside from believing in the Portuguese presence in Africa, Spinola calls for a revitalization of Portuguese capitalism, greater Portuguese participation in NATO, and closer relations with the Common Market. The Left will oppose him in all these categories, and he undoubtedly knows it.

So, what will he do now? It is still too early to predict what the long run will bring, but in the short run, this man of the political Right will perform a delicate balancing act, trying to walk a tightrope between the Left and the still strong remnants of the Salazarist Right. If he falters and is forced to fall to one side, it will, certainly, be to the Right. But by that time, it may be too late to get Portugal's house back in order. For the time being he is using the Left as window dressing, but he knows that any substantial move in their direction will only engender another coup. Some of the old Salazarist generals—particularly the popular former commander of Mozambique, Kaulza de Arriaga—are waiting in the wings should he slip.

In the meantime, the leaders of Spain, Greece, South Africa, and Rhodesia will be watching the progress of the Portuguese coup with greater anticipation than any other of the world's political leaders. If Spinola's altruistic program for Portugal fails, the Junta may be forced to resort to more draconian methods—if it is not already too late. The Portuguese, who discovered the world during the Renaissance and have withstood the winds of change in our century, may now lack the will to continue their crusade. The salty seas, as the poet Fernando Pessoa once wrote, are already flooded with the tears of too many Portuguese. But, as the Portuguese say, there is always hope for regeneration. □

Firing Line Guest: Gunga Din

Mr. Buckley: I would like to make it clear,
That there is no gin or beer;
And it's just as well I don't allot it.
So when it's time to order,
I trust you'll welcome water:
And I've got tonight the man who's reàlly got it!
Now it may seem funny rhyme,
But I wish to state that Ihyme
As choosy in my tastes as king or queen:
I have scoured fiction through,
And the man I bring to you
Is the bloke that Kipling honored: Gunga Din.
Gunga Din: You've heard it said before,
That the uniform 'e wore
Spoke nothing o' the livin' soul be'ind.
So forgive this twisty rag,
And old goatskin water-bag:
It's all the field equipment I could find.
But I'm at your service, Sahib,
In my regimental job,
Though far from where I'd hear the bugle call.
But I cannot tell a lie:
To my first-class soldier's eye,
You do not seem to need my services at all.
Mr. Buckley: I shan't forget the night,
When just spoiling for a fight,
With a passion where my coolness should have been,
I was hungry for baloney,
With my grinder ready, on'y . . .
Oh, I could have used some water, Gunga Din!
Or that famous Battle Royal,
When I dueled on network soyal,
Facing someone whom I truly find obscene . . .
Your water may have stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
One of yours I would have relished, Gunga Din!
Gunga Din: I'd have carried you away,
Beyond the verbal spray,
Where no syntax can kick dust spots on the screen.
I'd have put you safe in bed,
With a Fowler's at your head,
And stuck ice cubes from the pantry on your spleen.
Then I'd meet you later,
And we'd take the elevator,
To where it's double drill and no canteen:
And I'd find a hall for hire,
And we'd set up shop with *Fir-*
Ing Line . . . and you'd get a drink in Hell from Gunga Din!

—JOHANNES EFF

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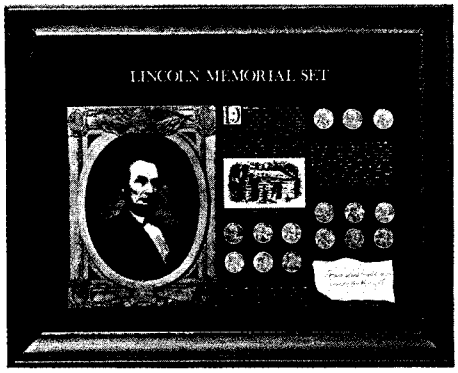

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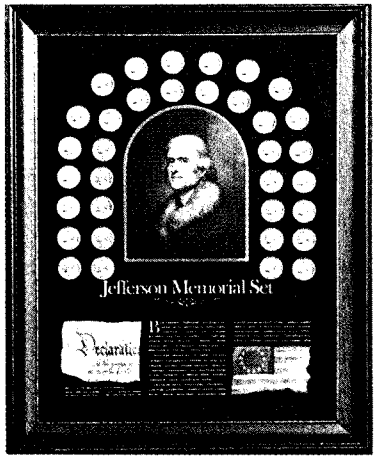

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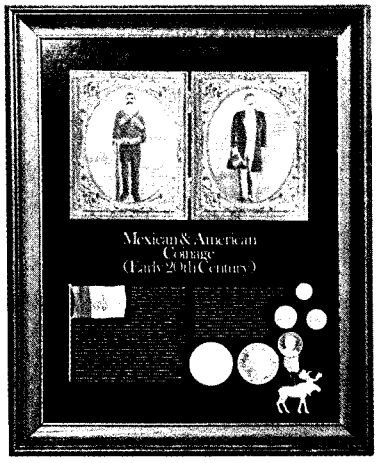

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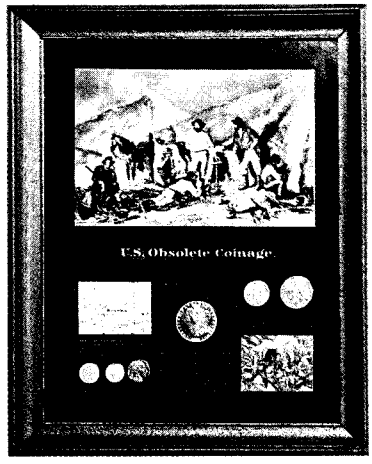

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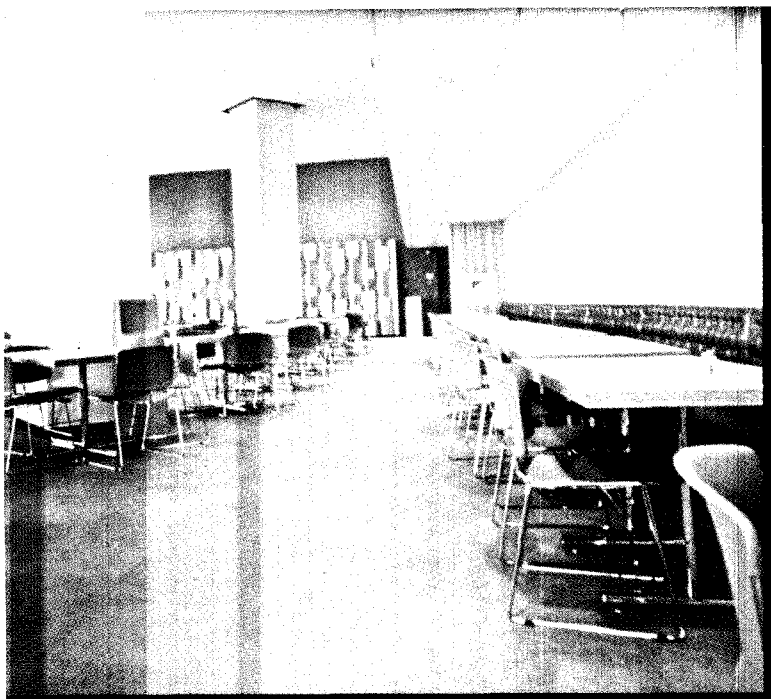

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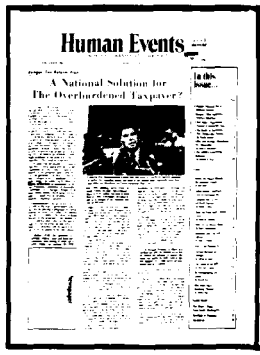

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OPEN QUESTION

Another View of Profit Sharing

SVETOZAR PEJOVICH

MILDRED ADAMS asserted in an *NR* article [Nov. 23, 1973] that the institution of profit sharing is both an effective and a desirable weapon against inflation. The thrust of her argument is as follows: labor and capital are engaged in a power struggle over the residual. An important manifestation of this struggle, which reflects the growing power of labor unions, is that wage increases tend to exceed productivity improvements. The government must, for a host of political and social reasons, step in and try to curb the resulting unemployment. Since the government's employment policies usually take the form of debt financing, inflationary pressures have been built into the system. In fact, inflation reflects an impasse reached by labor and capital on the one hand, and a permissive role played by the state on the other. However, this state of affairs is not, according to Miss Adams, without some social justification. She tells us that with wages determined by supply and demand, the worker's instincts are denied and his dignity as a man offended. Predictably, he regards the union as the vehicle through which he gets "a solution to the problem of his restricted participation as an individual." If profit sharing is instituted as a national policy, across the entire economy and all at once, it will eliminate the wrong and stop inflation dead, says Miss Adams.

Counting the Cost

Clearly, Mildred Adams has addressed herself to a crucial set of problems and has suggested a policy instrument that deserves careful consideration. However, she has failed to consider the following possible consequences and evaluate their eventual costs: First, under profit sharing, a survival trait for unions could be to make the percentage of profit going to labor a bargainable issue. Second, Miss Adams defines profits as the flow of net earnings: revenue minus costs (including labor costs) and taxes. Thus, her proposal fails to establish a valid relationship between changes in the value of investments, above what they could earn elsewhere, and the share of the residual going to labor. Third, the effort-inducing incentive of profit sharing is not independent of a firm's size. The larger the firm the less obvious to a worker is the relationship between his effort and additional income. It follows that the increment in profits in large firms attributable to the effort-inducing incentive of profit sharing could turn out to be relatively smaller than in small firms. Thus, the proponents of profit sharing must evaluate the effects of profit sharing on the value of assets in firms of different sizes, on the flow of resources, and on production efficiency. Fourth, profit sharing could also contribute to unemployment. The original group of workers would clearly have incentives to pressure the management not to increase the firm's labor force beyond the level where the marginal contribution of labor equals its average product—a very restrictive proposition, indeed. In other words, under profit sharing the employees are likely to press for a voice in determining the firm's mix of inputs.

The effectiveness of profit sharing as a weapon against inflation and other social ills is yet to be demonstrated. However, even if its effectiveness is demonstrated the proponents of profit sharing will have to establish that it is a *desirable* instrument of economic and social policy. Profit sharing as a national policy implies two fundamental changes in the basic tenets of our social system. First, the attenuation of private property rights is a direct consequence of profit sharing. The right of ownership in an asset consists of the right to use it, to change its form and substance, to capture its return, and to transfer all rights in the asset to others. Profit sharing attenuates the owner's right to capture the return from his assets. Thus the market valuation of the *future* consequences of *current* decisions with respect to the use of one's wealth is likely to fall. The effects of a fall in the market price of nonhuman assets on the saving-investment relationship and resource allocation must be carefully evaluated. A reduction in the scope of private property rights changes the community's pattern of behavior in favor of a greater preference for current consumption over savings. Such a change could easily add to inflationary pressures.

More significantly the attenuation of private property rights via profit sharing implies a divorce between decision making and risk bearing. That is, it implies a change in the quality of current decisions that have future value consequences. This is an important point that cuts deep into the very structure of our free-enterprise private property system, which is based on the proposition that those who make decisions should bear the costs (and reap the gains). What I have said above applies to profit sharing as a national policy and not to voluntary agreements reached in individual firms. For the stockholders of those firms that enter into a sort of profit sharing agreement with labor have the option of recouping the current market value of their assets and transferring them elsewhere.

Who Takes the Risk?

Second, profit sharing as a national policy restricts the options open to an individual. Instead of being free to negotiate all the terms of his contract with the employer, the worker is forced into becoming a risk taker—something akin to telling an individual that he cannot put all his money into fixed assets like savings certificates but must also purchase common stock. Profit sharing as a national policy discriminates against those individuals who are averse to taking risks; it forces them to substitute a percentage of the future returns on a decision made by someone else for a firm contractual agreement.

While it is important for all of us to go on improving the quality of life in the community, the minimum requirement for introducing a change into the system should be that it is thought through. Moreover, those who propose a change should, whenever possible, be asked to bear the risk. □

Mr. Pejovich is an associate editor of Akron Business and Economic Review.

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LETTER FROM SEOUL

A Talk with President Park

PETER HYUN

South Korea has been ruled since 1961 by Park Chung Hee, a general who staged a coup in that year in order, as he said, to "save the nation from chaos and ruination." Two and a half years later he became president of the country. In the past decade, South Korea has been transformed from a largely agricultural society into an important industrialized nation whose gross national product is now second only to that of Japan among Asian nations. President Park is an unusual strongman: he writes lyric verse to his wife, plays the bamboo flute, and has written a number of books on historical, political, and philosophical subjects. He has come increasingly under attack in recent years for what his critics call his dictatorial tactics. He now rules South Korea with a constitutionally provided emergency decree of January 12, 1974 under which a number of political dissidents have been arrested and jailed. President Park maintains that these measures are necessary for a South Korea which he sees as continually under threat of armed attack from the North. For years he has refused to give interviews to American journalists, but last month he made an exception to that rule and spoke at some length with a Korean-born U.S. editor and writer, Peter Hyun of New York. The interview, which was conducted in Korean, took place in President Park's study in the Blue House. It has been translated into English for NR *by Mr. Hyun.*

Q. In the autumn of 1963, when you were running for president, you said the nation faced two choices: "One a road to prosperity through unity, discipline, and work; the other a road to ruin through factionalism, corruption, and indolence." How would you characterize the situation in Korea today after your ten-year administration?

A. If you take a look at our cities and countryside, you will see that the ruins of the Korean War have been replaced by new buildings, giant factories, and superhighways. Our country's per capita gross national product has increased from $95 in 1962 to $302 in 1972 and is expected to reach $983 in 1981.

Korea today is changing rapidly from a predominantly agricultural society into a flourishing industrial state. The Ulsan Industrial Complex, with its 32 modern plants, is a good example of our burgeoning economy, as is the Pohang Consolidated Steel and Iron Works, with an annual capacity of 1,030,000 tons of pig iron.

We have also initiated a rural development campaign called the "Saemaul" (New Community) Movement. The Saemaul Movement has had a tremendous impact on the life of our people since its inception in 1970; it is the cornerstone of our efforts to awaken the *esprit* of the nation, a nation that—did you know?—invented metal type three centuries before Gutenberg. This sort of spiritual revolution is indispensable, since Korea has suffered from invasion, internal rifts, and the lack of strong purposeful leadership for several centuries.

Morally and materially, the situation in Korea today is very different from that of ten years ago. There will be hardships and obstacles ahead, but we intend to overcome them ourselves. For only when we begin to view our problems through our own eyes, analyze them with our own brains, and feel them with our own hearts, will the flowers of our national renaissance bloom.

Q. Opposition leaders have recently pushed for revision of the 1972 constitution, which they claim allows you to hold the presidency indefinitely and gives you virtually absolute power through martial law. Would you be prepared to go on nationwide television and radio and ask the people directly to give you a specified period of time to improve the economic life of the nation and to democratize the political system as a means of relaxing the current political tensions?

A. There is no need for me to make an appeal to the people with regard to my presidential term, since I have no intention of overruling the new constitutional mandate that a president shall be elected every six years. As for the charge that I hold virtually absolute power, it is not true. Ours is a strong presidential system—in some ways similar to that of the United States and France—with a strong chief executive. In many other respects, however, it is uniquely Korean, a system based on our nation's historical background, cultural tradition, and socioeconomic realities and needs.

My critics at home—who, incidentally, constitute a vocal minority—and abroad do not seem to understand that although some aspects of our reformed constitution do not resemble those of other democratic nations, there are many significant factors in our law which make our democratic process vital and meaningful.

Q. Would you comment on the following editorial which appeared recently in a major American newspaper: "The U.S. Government . . . must begin to ask itself whether continued military assistance can—or should—sustain a regime [South Korea] that seeks to perpetuate its power through coercion rather than consent"?

A. As you know, Korea is probably the most profoundly pro-American country in the world. We appreciate and support the American system of government and the ideals for which America's Founding Fathers stood and fought. Nor will we ever forget the invaluable moral, political, economic, and military assistance the United States has given Korea. As a manifestation of our common goals, for instance, we sent our best combat troops to Vietnam to aid our U.S. and South Vietnamese allies.

There is an old Korean saying: "He who is true to himself does not unnecessarily meddle in his neighbor's

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business but tries to understand him better." In a way, this proverb sums up the Nixon Doctrine of internal noninterference and external cooperation with regard to America's relations with its allies. As a nation that supports the Doctrine, we are working hard to rebuild our house in our own democratic and constitutional way; we are also working closely with our friends—particularly the United States—in the area of foreign policy.

More important, the vast majority of our people voted for the new constitution and for my presidency.

Now, more than ever, we desperately need stability and unity—not dissent and chaos—to deal with the many critical problems facing us at home and abroad, including both the energy crisis and Communist subversion from the North.

Q. Some observers believe that North Korea is bound to take advantage of the present political dissent in South Korea to start subversion, infiltration, and military attacks. Others refute this, citing the new East-West detente. What is your realistic assessment of the possibilities?

A. Since the end of the Korean War in 1953 the North Korean Communists have not changed their basic objective of communizing and unifying the country on their own terms. Nowadays, they try to convince the world that they seek "peaceful unification" of Korea. But their subversive activities belie their dovelike diplomatic gestures. For some time now they have been sending leaflets and booklets by balloon into this country urging South Korean students to overthrow their government. Since October there has been a series of armed provocations by the North Korean Communist troops on both land and sea. North Korean gunboats have shelled unarmed civilian fishing boats operating on the high seas. Tensions have risen since last year, when the North Koreans stepped up their military capability and moved huge quantities of arms and equipment to the front line.

Their persistent campaign of "national liberation" is a blatant violation of the 1972 South-North Joint Communiqué, in which both parties pledged to refrain from provocative acts toward each other: 1974 is, therefore, a crucial year for us. And we must be strong and united as a nation to protect our sovereignty.

Q. As one of their conditions for the unification of Korea, the North Koreans have long insisted on the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of 42,000 U.S. troops from Korean soil, and you have consistently maintained that the presence of U.S. troops is essential to the security of the country. Is the North Korean condition categorically unacceptable to you, or would you consider it under certain circumstances?

A. Under the present circumstances, North Korea's insistence on the immediate and unconditional withdrawal of U.S. forces from Korea is unacceptable to us because the North Korean Communists have not abandoned their designs on South Korea, and because they have in fact intensified their military preparations along the South-North demarcation line.

If they genuinely seek a peaceful solution to our problems they should accept the offer of a nonaggression pact between South and North Korea that I made back in January. But the North Korean Communists flatly refused my offer, which indicates that they have no intention of settling the problem of the two Koreas by peaceful means.

Over the years, through their Workers' [Communist] Party policy statements, organizational resolutions, and radio broadcasts, they have expressed their ultimate intention of communizing the whole country.

As your Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger has stated: "Withdrawal of U.S. forces could unhinge Korea, cause distress in Japan, and we are not sure the Chinese would want the withdrawal of the United States from that area." For the time being, therefore, American forces in Korea are, I believe, essential to political stability in the Far East.

Q. What are the strategic implications for Southeast Asia of the new development between Washington and Peking?

A. The current dialogue between Washington and Peking may have eased the cold war ambience considerably, and it may even result in the birth of global peace. But we must guard against the possibility that the interests of smaller nations like ours may be sacrificed to the relaxation of tensions between big powers.

Let us take the case of Indochina, for instance. Despite the Washington-Peking thaw—and East-West detente, for that matter—the war is still going on in that war-torn, wear-weary region, and the Communist menace still threatens the rest of Asia.

Q. What are the reasons behind your recent call for trade and diplomatic relations with Communist countries, notably China and Russia?

A. We are prepared to open our doors to all the nations of the world on terms of reciprocity and equality. We would like those nations whose ideologies and social systems differ from ours to open their doors to us. Peace is probably more important to us than to any other nation in the world, since we have recently experienced a tragic war. This is why peace and good neighborliness are the firm basis of our foreign policy. It is my hope that the improvement of our relations with the Communist countries will help establish genuine peace in this part of the world and may in the long run help persuade North Korea to seek peaceful solutions to our mutual problems.

Q. How do you view the future of Communism in Asia?

A. We all know that the Communists' sole aim in Asia is the communization of the entire area. They will not succeed, however. Admittedly, the Soviet Union managed to communize Eastern Europe and a few Asian nations after World War II, but their similar attempts elsewhere have been thwarted.

I understand that some advanced Communist states have lately come to realize that Marxist-Leninism, in its original form, is neither ideal nor practical; in order to speed their economic progress they are now adopting some of the features of the free enterprise system.

Undoubtedly, similar phenomena will some day occur in Asia, where Communism is abhorred by many for its rigid, dogmatic, and totalitarian doctrines. On the other hand, democracy is cherished by those Asians who love freedom for its flexible, rational, and humane principles. But we must not take freedom for granted. We must work for it—and fight for it, if necessary. For we know that democracy is the sole path to peace and happiness, and that we must preserve it at all costs. □

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ECOLOGY

Save the Trailer Parks!

JOHN KEEFAUVER

A STRONG, new voice is rising in America today to do battle against the conservationist, who, in his selfish desire to cover all of the land with a suffocating green blanket of trees, would strip this nation of yet another sacred scenic heritage—its trailer parks.

Beneath a slogan of "Save the Trailer Parks!" under a banner of an ingeniously drawn crowing trailer, a militant new nationwide organization, the Trailerra Club, has been formed in response to a groundswell clarion call against the insidious tree lover. Under the leadership of President Henry J. Littlefinger, the club will march forward with the masses of downtrodden trailer and mobile home owners, who, fighting for all they hold dear, are arising to overthrow those who prefer wilderness to washing machines, trees to TV.

America, awake!

In the beginning was the land, all there would be, then and forever: mountain and meadow, forest and prairie. Man came and settled upon this sacred soil—first in crude huts, then in cabins, then in homes, all hewn out of the wilderness by blood, sweat, tears, and yes, booze.

Then, starting in the early 1930s, came the trailerites and, later, the mobile homers, pioneers all, who, with their bottled gas and self-contained toilets, were a hardy, sturdy, self-reliant lot as they, fixing flats as they went, carved out virgin niches from the wilds. For years, jacked up by their own indomitable will, and jacks, they with pluck and grit and tire irons beat back the conservationists who would snap their plowshafts and axles upon the name of redwood, douglas fir, spruce, oak, and other brush.

Then, slowly, pitifully, the trailervationists began to lose ground against man's arrogance for trees. Ever encroached upon by roots and laws, ever forced to kick hikers, campers, and other outdoor nuts out of their primeval front yards, ever tire-ironing off attempts by treeniks to seed *right under their homes*, the trailerites were forced to unhook their hook-ups and hitch up their hitches once more and roll off to yet other virgin site, much like the ousted Indians of old.

For shame, America! By all rights, this country is trailer country, an indoor paradise where children should be able to grow up happily and peacefully with their parents in front of TV sets, drinking beer. How can the toddlers do that while roaming around in a wilderness?

Yes, America, the hour of truth for the nation's trailer parks is at hand. On May 27 in Washington, D.C., the House Committee on Redwoods, Trailer Parks, and Other Sacred Scenic Heritages will begin its hearings on proposals for the establishment of a giant Redwood National Park in the northwestern United States. *If allowed, this park would flatten 47 heritage-quality trailer parks.* Trees—*trees*, mind you!

—would cause the flattening of these magnificent 30- to 35-year-old relics of this nation's traditional wheeled past. Once dotted with beautiful mobile homes, the hillside will be raped by a dark, suffocating ghastly green blanket of trees. What was unrivaled beauty may become a forest of redwoods!

Such rape and its consequences, says an editorial in the Trailerra Club's monthly publication, *Park It*, is America's "quiet crisis. Shorn of his trailer parks," the editorial continues, "having flattened the tires whose destiny he shares, man himself will go ps-s-s-st!"

Why should man have to go "ps-s-s-st!"?

Listen, America: history will think it most strange indeed that these redwood men—these conservationists—these "connies"—named their wood *red*. Will the day come when all will be revealed: that the Redwood Curtain was a "connie" plot? And that this was the exact reason why our patriotic forebears, foreseeing the future, spent 200 years hacking down this malignant growth?

This connie movement, this creeping redwood tide, must be stamped out before it engulfs America. Certainly it is bad enough to discriminate against blacks and Jews, but to discriminate against the whole human race in favor of *trees*!

Something is being done, though, thank God.

(Speaking of God, does He like trees? Go into the Sierras during a lightning storm. ZZZZCK! CRACK! BAROOOOM! Another tree bites the brush. God is speaking, indeed.)

Led by the Trailerra Club, the battle against conservationists reached a climax last month when some 400 trailerites, shouting, "Trailervation today!" accompanied Supreme Court Justice William O. Dauntlas to Yellowtire Trailer Park, one of the 47 heritage-quality parks doomed if a redwood park is allowed. There they dug, scraped, and clawed under 73 trailers, all magnificent though crumbling relics of the Thirties, and discovered 702 artifacts, including a remarkably preserved WIN WITH WILLKIE button and a fan believed to be one of Sally Rand's. In due course, these will be presented before the House Committee as evidence of the historical importance of Yellowtire.

Yes, it's up to you, America. Awake! Trees or trailers? The choice is yours. Can there really be a problem in coming to a decision? After all, even a dog knows what to do with trees. □

Mr. Keefauver, a freelance writer who lives in California, is NR*'s answer to Ralph Nader.*

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Quiet Revolution in Germany?

WRITERS are politically important in Germany, though not as important as they are in Eastern Europe. The Hungarian revolution of 1848 was, in a way, started off by the poet Alexander Petöfi, and the revolution of 1956 was initiated by the "Petöfi Circles," whose enthusiasm spilled from the lecture halls to the streets. In Russia one can trace the beginning of the Communist movement to Chernyshevsky's badly written novel, *Chto Delat?* (*What to Do?*). In fact, all Russian revolutions have had literary roots, and I am willing to wager that the next one will too. How seriously the pen was taken in Old Russia is clear from the way Pushkin was treated by Nicholas I, who finally took it upon himself to censor the great poet.

German writers have never been quite this influential. There was never, for example, any outstanding Nazi writing, although anti-Nazi literature of lasting value was published right under the noses of the naive censors. Then, after a strong Christian revival with conservative overtones, German literature in the 1960s turned left, and we saw numerous efforts toward a Christian-leftist synthesis. The most notable figure in this camp is the 1973 recipient of the Nobel Prize of Literature and Solzhenitsyn's friend, Heinrich Böll.

Böll's Way

Böll's political convictions appear only by implication in his novels and short stories. But he has also written articles and essays on political subjects which have brought him a certain unpopularity with right-of-center Germans. As a matter of fact, he caused some scandal by raising his voice in defense of Ulrike Meinhof, the female chief of the Baader-Meinhof gang of New Left political terrorists.

Böll's greatest success, interestingly enough, has been with Russian readers. Over a million copies of his books have been sold in the Soviet Union (but, like other Western authors, he never received a kopek for them abroad). *Novy Mir* published many of his novels in installments, and Böll traveled frequently to the Soviet Union and was allowed to meet Soviet authors. He knew about their situation, he was never fooled about conditions in the USSR, but he never propagandized for Soviet writers until last fall.

When the persecution of Soviet nonconformists reached a peak in September, Böll at long last protested, whereupon the German ambassador to Moscow asked Günter Grass not to make a planned visit to the Soviet Union, fearing that Grass might become equally vocal. In reply Böll thundered that the East-West detente was less important than the fate of Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn. This was not the first time that a writer of renown, considered by the Kremlin to be a sympathizer, had turned against them; but Böll's criticism really hurt, as evidenced by the hate-swollen attack on him in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. Meanwhile Böll was none too happy at the congratulations that poured in from his former critics. He was faced with the dilemma of so many writers of the Left: having lost not only their faith in, but their respect for, the USSR, they are nevertheless not comfortable supporting the West. Of course, a man like Böll, despite his continuing disappointment with the Catholic hierarchy for what he considers its failure to stand up to Hitler, can still retain his Catholic faith. But what are the others to do—the leftist moderates who don't have this faith?

The interesting case of Arno Schmidt shows the direction being taken by some German writers. Schmidt, who is not well known outside of Germany since his writing is not easily translatable, was recently awarded the important Prize of the German Booksellers. Because of illness he was unable to go to Frankfurt to accept his award, so his wife went in his place and read his speech of acceptance and thanks.

It was quite an event. The first speaker, in reciting Herr Schmidt's merits, praised his critical reasoning and his humor. A professor from Kiel University listed his perseverance and timelessness. The Socialist mayor of Frankfurt emphasized Schmidt's opposition to "militarism and patriotism."

So far, nothing unusual. Then came the author's speech, read by Frau Schmidt, who, as the second speaker had observed, "formed the bridge between Schmidt and normal life." And normal life, indeed, got some praise.

Schmidt's Alternative

Schmidt began by quoting a German poet to the effect that a poet should "walk with kings." For himself, however, he was of the opinion that nowadays a poet should walk alone. "Thirty kilometers from where I live," he wrote, "the poet is asked to walk together with workers and peasants. But since a state run by workers and peasants is waging a bitter war against imagination, Jupiter's favorite child, the net result can only be . . . the most sterile form of literature."

Schmidt then mentioned the theory that the poet should listen to the young. "I have a very moderate opinion of the judgment of youth, especially of a youth running around with the beard of a professor. Patriarchal rule may be dull, but Heaven protect us from rule by the young. Certain books can only be evaluated by readers over 50, and that generation is to be respected and listened to much more than the young spastics whose contortions bring only discredit to modern literature."

Schmidt then ridiculed those who blame society for their own shortcomings. He would like to explain to them the difference between real worries and mere discomforts. "It may be rather untimely and unpopular to mention the one cure for everything: hard work. People, above all the young, do not work enough, and I am nauseated by the claptrap about the 40-hour week. My own work week contains about 100 hours, and for *Zettls Traum* [his latest novel] I had to work 25,000 hours."

Frau Schmidt read these words with gusto and she earned thunderous applause. Everyone had thought this, but few had had the courage to say it. Are German writers about to lead their country in a new, saner direction? □

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The Ideologists' Science

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

THEY SAID the revolutionary thrust would develop among the poor, in the working class. Instead, in Russia, Germany, France, Latin America the revolutionaries have been academic intellectuals, and the universities hotbeds of subversion. The revolutionary ideologies of our time have been rightly characterized as perverted theologies, and the movements organized around them as counterfeit enterprises of human salvation. Now, the one concern furthest from intellectual heirs of the Enlightenment has been religion. Why then would academically trained people enlist in something even faintly resembling a religious cause? Books have been written about this question, but one element has been curiously neglected: the fact that modern ideologies, for all their pervading irrationality, have still managed to present themselves in the academic gown of science.

Marx's main work, *Das Kapital*, passes for a classic in social science; Hegel, who gave to the world something pretending to the rank of Revelation, is generally considered a master philosopher; Freud, originator of a contemporary creed and penitential ritual, appears to derive it from clinical findings; Comte invented a religion worshiping humanity without God but worked up to it through a classification of the sciences and the erection of the positivist method as the sole yardstick of scientific truth. To the insufficiently critical mind it appears that these men worked in the frame of strict academic disciplines, so that they should be taken not for would-be messiahs but philosophers, medical scientists, social scientists, authors of high-ranking contributions to knowledge. That claim should be rejected as spurious.

Although these men also made propagandistic utterances such as Marx's *Communist Manifesto* in addition to the "scientific" works, the "science" itself of the "scientific" works will not stand up. They are encapsuled in a closed "system" which pretends to cover all of reality. The system requires that all questions be answered in terms of its assumptions. As for questions about these assumptions and thus about the validity of the system as a whole—why, such questions are prohibited. Comte and Marx forbid their followers even to think of such questions, which shows that these systems stem not so much from the "desire to know" about reality as from a "desire to rule."

The entire structure reduces all reality to some one alleged key factor, either economic production, or the class struggle, or the positive mind, or race, or the unconscious, or what have you. Since actual life cannot possibly be explained through a single factor of reality, the ideological system-builders write voluminous works that stretch some facts, suppress others, explain still others away, and in general seek to "prove" that nothing has ever existed but manifestations of the particular key factor decided upon at the outset. In the course of doing this, it also happens that they hit upon aspects of reality that have hitherto been neglected or insufficiently analyzed. Such discoveries lead many to hail the work of an ideologue as the source of a new science. These people then become so excited about the new science that they overlook the imperial will, the exclusive "system," the reductions and distortions of facts, the closed mind, the prohibition of questions.

THIS MAY sound like academic gossip, but there is a political consequence. Let us stick to the case of Marx. So Marx passes for a social scientist, a great social scientist, the founder of a wholly new approach to social science. That claim is allowed in the Academy, even by non-Marxists. It can be argued, in faculty meetings and deans' conferences, that Marxist science is at least one among other sciences, in fact a more modern science than most, in fact the most modern of all sciences (at this point, however, the Freudians enter, arms swinging). The result: professors are engaged to teach entire courses according to Marxist "science," nay, entire universities devote themselves to Marxist science, without blushing or suffering pangs of conscience. The content of this kind of education? History has been nothing but a long gradual preparation for Communism; "forerunners" of Communism can be found at all times and in all cultures; Communism creates not only "a new heaven, and a new earth," but also new vistas in all branches of knowledge. It all adds up to one sustained and multifaceted doxology for The Revolution, one resounding denunciation of the "class enemy," one persistent formation of the subversive will. This happened at the Cuban universities, and is now happening in Germany, France, Italy, and other Western countries.

WHAT ABOUT US? In American Institutions of higher learning a great many courses have been introduced which serve either such strictly technical needs as driver training, or else the students' emotional desires. We now find programs of nonviolence, Black Studies, and other courses in which a certain emotional disposition, taken for granted at the outset, is to be cultivated by readings and discussions, so that academic objectives are set by the "wish to feel" rather than the "desire to know." In the professional societies there are now academic pressure groups of considerable strength which aim to convert the entire discipline into that kind of enterprise. The "Caucus for a New Political Science," for instance, is "revisionist," seeks to group all political "science" around the emotional adherence to revolution, emancipation, and a future millennium.

In this atmosphere the traditional forbearance from which academic freedom sprang has departed from the universities. A professor of political philosophy at one of our top universities recently put it this way: "In faculty meetings we only wonder whether the other fellow is for or against us. We are not seekers after truth." The incapacity to distinguish ideology from science has degraded universities into armed camps committed to irreconcilable conflict, which, after all, was the real content of the ideologists' message. □

Mr. Niemeyer is a professor of political science at Notre Dame.

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

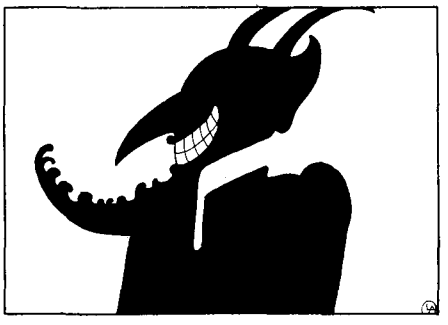
Detente with Satan

This is about the Process Church. Unglamorous name that: sounds like the kind of religion you could charge on BankAmericard. And looks somewhat like it: Processean ministers—girl and boy—wear pretty much what American Airlines stewards and stewardesses wear. Dark blue blazer suits; white turtlenecks. They are just as optimistic and young too; groomed more exquisitely than a spinster's poodle. They serve the faithful with politeness: coffee, tea, and milk in the voice, not locusts and wild honey. The Process is an infant sect, perhaps ten years old. My hosts, Father Barnabas and Sister Meredith, are proud of its material success. In the newest Processean brownstone on 38th Street, I get a smell of wet paint to go with the kidney- and liver-shaped conference tables. More than two million publications issued last year, each glossy as an edition of *Penthouse*. Branches all over America, all over Europe. The seed fallen in a hothouse. Nothing like it since Mary Baker Eddy took a header on the ice.

Brand new: yet arteriosclerotic as an 80-year-old senior warden. Ritual hardware has been shoplifted from the best establishmentarian places. Process people have a Book of Common Prayer with fineprint rubrics. A hymnal: number one through 59 for bongo and guitar. Sacraments: fire and water to show originality. Tithes. A hierarchy: disciples, messengers, even—praise Him—a High Pontiff. Worse, founder and prophet Robert De Grimston has the gall to be a dead ringer for those lithographed Jesuses you see hanging in Sunday School rooms, usually just over the thermostat. It took Christianity a thousand years plus to fester up these scabs; the Processeans have no such excuse. And, thumping against turtlenecked bosoms, the Je-suited brothers and sisters wear a silver cross.

But crucified on that cross—like some sort of Mah-Jongg tile dragon—is, yes, Satan's serpent emblem.

That's the gimmick. That makes the Process different from Brand X. De Grimston has taken Armageddon to its logical but far- and further-fetched conclusion: Jesus reconciled with Satan,



lodge brothers in fact. This appears radical, dangerous, evil. It isn't. The Satan ploy is meant to defuse an old theological chestnut: "If God is all powerful, all good, why does evil exist?" Because, says De Grimston, God created Satan to test us. It was all a Great Game. Processeans are spiritual spoilsports: they won't play any more. Rather, there's a new game in town.

Processeans go around muttering, "As it is. So be it." Free will, the keystone of Christian theology, has been crowbarred out. Choice, you see, is an illusion: a houserule from the old game (traditional Christianity). Processeans outfox God. They won't make decisions. If God knows all, then all acts, even apparent choices, are wholly inevitable. No guilt; no virtue. How could a just God punish inevitabilities? He couldn't. Unless, of course, he judges the refusal to accept free will as an exercise of free will . . . Father Barnabas relishes this logic chopping. He loves a most ingenious paradox. The Process is an intellectual faith.

Processeans are naive on the subject of evil: they're not sure it exists. They never blame. Which must make the Process extremely attractive to young people. De Grimston's first principle is more Newtonian than moral: "As you give, you will receive." His prophetic work *Exit* contains philosophical jingles like, "One man kills another. The first must eventually be killed to redress the balance; if not in one lifetime, then in another . . . it is the choice of the one he kills that he should be the victim." There is a bit of homespun truth in this: as some people have an aptitude for murder, others have an aptitude for being murdered. Just a bit of truth: not dogma truth. "Choice" in the quote above really means "Karma." De Grimston is no simple nut; he has a first class mind. He shoplifts ideas as well as ceremonies: existentialism, Hegelian dialectic, reincarnation (the latter to solve that second-best theological chestnut, "Why is there suffering?"). Processeans try to do good. Or rather, they try to achieve a knowledge of choicelessness, which will lead to good, to love. Or something. It's hard to act Processeanly, since action is algebraic, unfree. God rejected man. Processeans seek God through love and knowledge: therefore, by virtue of De Grimston's first principle, they will bully him back to us. This gradual God-bullying is the Process.

In the beginning God created other Gods: Satan, Jehovah, Lucifer—with Christ, as D'Artagnan, bringing up the rear. At this point the Process seems to peel out of formation like a winged duck. I mean, how can anyone *believe* in this Captain Marvel pantheon? But the fact is: Processeans don't believe in it. You catch on fast enough; the flip tone of Process comic strips gives it away. The Gods are aspects of God (bigger capital G), who is called it to please the Mserable libs. Christ unifies, but he is a way—a Tao—rather than a Son of God participating in history. Satan, Jehovah (the disciplinarian), Lucifer (the light-bearer) represent qualities; similarly Mars and Mercury represent qualities in your horoscope. De Grimston has provided four-color imagery to sweeten his otherwise abstract, rational prophecies, as the early church invented cherubim and succubi, as Proctor and Gamble invented Mr. Clean. The Process is hard sell; a child of the advertising age. Something for

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rational cynics; something for supernaturalists.

And lots of music: with electric guitars behind him even Hitler could manage a comeback in 1974. And healing ceremonies, of course: this is the charismatic age, a rookie sect has to make house calls. And a special apostolate to the anti-vivisectionists (animals have God's area code and can direct dial). I met two dogs who had been with De Grimston during his original 40 days or so in the Mexican wilderness. You'd need an argus of Gimlet Eyes to do the Process justice. This is an important phenomenon; it should be studied now, not at an autopsy. With cunning parlays of West and East, popery and pragmatics, mysticism and do-it-yourself, Robert De Grimston has laid a snare for the Zeitgeist. In time he may rank with the great religious leaders of our time: right up there with Charlton Heston. Keep your eye on this one; it's a comer. □

TRAVEL

DAVID BRUDNOY

Letter from Hispaniola

The push is on: Haiti emerges as the new "in" spot of the Caribbean; Baby Doc Duvalier is a sweetie and Papa Doc's secret thug brigade (*tontons macoute*) a thing of the past. I rush down to Port-au-Prince, first on my block to visit Haiti: will they mistake me for one of the Beautiful People too? I am not disappointed in Haiti: excitement, mystery, that certain differentness that my beloved Puerto Rico by now has lost for me, an adventure in discovery. This is the world's first independent Negro republic (1804), the largest of France's ex-colonies in the tropical regions of the New World. A beautiful and brilliant American lady friend married a Haitian years ago, lived there through Papa Doc, and survived none the worse for wear, so Haiti it is.

I missed Cap Haïtien and the great Citadelle de la Ferrière, Henri Christophe's brooding fortress on the crest of a mountain (as the guidebooks say), the north region everyone insists—after I leave Haiti—is a must. But beautiful beaches are like happy families: much the same; and I've seen the beaches at Cozumel, and here and there in Puerto Rico, and on Cape Cod; and beaches aren't why I came to Haiti. There will be another time for Cap Haïtien and the Citadelle and the north shore waters.

Port-au-Prince: who was it—Dorothy Parker?—who said of some place: when you get there, there isn't any there, there. Port-au-Prince, capital of Haiti, is best seen from afar, as from my hotel up in the hills. A fabulous sight, especially at dusk, mountains on three sides, a wide sweeping bay, a few prominent buildings (the president's palace, the adjacent police headquarters), the enormous cemetery, all bathed in the fading sunlight. Or at night, when, perhaps anticipating the energy shortage, lights are at a premium and the city issues a hidden charm, dark but pulsating. Best to see it from a distance, because the reality of it is sickening.

One day three of us drive up to Kenscoff, high above the capital, for lunch. A splendid lunch, excellent French wines, rum whatsits beforehand, chateaubriand, the works. We spent all told about what the average Haitian makes in a year: just shy of $70. Maybe a more resolutely colonialist mentality would help to make that meal enjoyable. But for me, for us, the contrast between our affluence and Haiti's grinding poverty is too much. With the lowest per capita income in the Americas, Haiti is most likely still less poor than parts of Africa and much of Asia, but I have yet to see anything more depressing.

It is the usual "underdeveloped" economy: the few rich, the tourist hostelries, the casino (prepubescent boys from France having a merry go at roulette, no bother from the authorities here), excellent cuisine, *the* Caribbean divorce mill (along with the Dominican Republic) now that Mexico has upgraded her image; and over there, everywhere, the masses living in hovels, cooking their meals on the streets of Port-au-Prince between the hotel and casino, and beggars outside the hotel gates, on every street, outside every building tourists visit.

Voodoo: or more correctly, *vodun*, through which Dr. Duvalier, Papa Doc, ruled, and to which the natives give their allegiance more than to the Roman Catholic Church and the now burgeoning pentecostal sects. God knows what it's like in the hills, where it's for real; the show voodoo is striking enough. I am there with a friend, and Carl Stokes, ex-mayor of Cleveland and more recently a television newscaster in New York, moves over to where we're sitting. We watch as the "priest" breaks a live dove's wings, bites off its head and swallows it, drinking the blood and then spattering drops on his fellow dancers. We pay $4 to get in, the dancers get, maybe, 50 cents. The priest gets to eat the dove's head, and his feigned catatonia convinces, for the moment.

THEY SAY that revolution in Haiti is unthinkable, that Papa Doc put an end to opposition by disposing of his opponents, that his 21-year-old son, now also President for Life (and *l'idol du peuple Haïtien*, as the enormous poster reminds us) has eased up and pardoned thousands of exiled troublemakers. He is now hot after the longhairs, whom he equates with drug users. Snip, snip, off with any over-long Afros. Everyone is uniformly short-cropped in Haiti, except young white foreign visitors; everyone clams up when politics comes into the conversation; everyone is so *content*, they tell you. Not the beggars, they tell you nothing with words.

I visit Sister S—— R——, the friend and former teacher of a Boston pal, who asks if I am leaving the country immediately. No. Too bad. She has a letter for my friend but it must be mailed outside the country, not from Port-au-Prince. The mail is still censored, the nun thinks; my friend was not always the best little boy in the world when he lived with his family in Haiti a decade ago. It is best to ask few questions; best, as Bruce Jay Friedman tells in a recent *Playboy* article, not to offend, if you want to leave Haiti on schedule, or at all; best, certainly, as another and foolish friend found out, not to put Graham Greene's anti-Haiti novel, *The Comedians*, in your luggage.

The Comedians was set partly at the Grand Hotel Oloffson, a few minutes' walk from my hotel. At 10:00 my first night in Port-au-Prince I saunter down the hill to the Oloffson, in the pitch black, stumbling over pigs, chickens, infants crawling around. Suddenly I am surrounded by four teenage boys, and the stupidity of it all is apparent: what on earth am I doing in Haiti in the dark, walking around like a saint or an idiot oblivious to common prudence?

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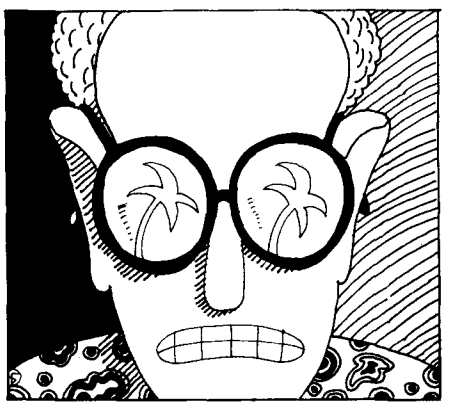
But all they want is to practice their English, sell me anything or anybody I might fancy, hire themselves out as guides. They escort me to the turn-of-the-century Oloffson and disappear. *Casablanca* redivivus: rattan furniture, ceiling fans, potted everythings, the "darling of the literary set." Everyone tells you that you *must* stay at the Oloffson, non-airconditioned and snooty though it be, *if* you can get on the right side of the owner, Al Seitz, who's never heard of your reservation if he doesn't like your looks. The Oloffson is good for a drink, and, they say, if you hang around long enough you will meet anyone in town worth meeting, including Haitian journalist Aubelin Jolicoeur, upon whom Greene based a key character in *The Comedians*. I didn't meet Jolicoeur, now Deputy Director General of Tourism, or anybody else of note, just other Americans who couldn't wangle a stay at the Oloffson and one tarnished, insistently elegant lady and her two spoiled, blond sons, who also turn up each night at the casino, as do I: there's one born every minute. Anyhow, our guide, upon whom we are dependent since one simply does not just walk around Port-au-Prince, can think of only two things for us to do after we have seen voodoo: visit the casino or the Dominican whores.



For wealthy black Haitians it is probably the exoticism, for white Westerners the semi-familiarity, that makes prostitutes from the Dominican Republic such morsels. Or maybe it is some sort of Haitian chauvinism that won't allow as how their own girls also wind up in brothels. Or perhaps the driver gets a better commission if he can deliver his Americans to the Dominican madams. I don't know and don't find out.

But I do find the Dominican Republic a jolting contrast. From the Port-au-Prince airport, which might be considered elegant in Mud Junction, Arkansas, to the gleaming international terminal at Santo Domingo—from one side of the island of Hispaniola to the other, a few minutes by air, decades away in progress. Now enjoying one of its infrequent moments of genuine political democracy, the Dominican Republic welcomes one back to the 1970s. But suddenly I miss the Haitian people, despite their wretched living conditions, even despite their ghastly government: the Haitians exude friendliness, pass up the allures of criminality—strangers, I find, are quite safe anywhere in Haiti—and there is something left of the French elegance, odd as that sounds, even after 170 years of independence of French rule.

The Dominicanos are bustling, quick, faster after the buck than their neighbors to the west, slicker. Everyone stays at El Embajador; for once I am where everyone is. Francis Ford Coppola and Al Pacino and the others essential to making the second part of the film *The Godfather* dart in and out of the lobby, capture a minute or two at the enormous pool, lend an air of excitement to what must surely be one of the dullest towns in the Americas. Here Columbus came first, and here, after much travail in spiriting his body from Spain to Santo Domingo and hiding it from looters, he is buried in the New World's oldest cathedral, although soon his remains will be transported to a new monument in the harbor.

Santo Domingo boasts the world's newest theater, a masterpiece of design, a model of acoustic perfection, and its neighbor, the new Museo del Hombre Dominicano, which is a bore compared to Mexico City's magnificent archaeological museum but serves to introduce one step by step to Dominican history and life. And the Republic welcomes foreign investment—this is a hot tip for Americans willing to gamble on stability in this revolution-hepped republic—granting long-term tax immunity (100 per cent exemption from income taxes, exemption from construction taxes, corporation taxes, permit taxes, all custom duties, and on and on). Everywhere, construction, low-income housing for the poor, housing at unbelievably low rates for Dominicanos residing abroad who wish to return to the country and contribute to its growth.

The Trujillos are gone, though the puppet president under General Trujillo's dictatorship, Dr. Balaguer, is now president again, a democrat at last. We drive out in the sticks to the Trujillo mansions, one a rustic hunting lodge that he loved, the other a weird art deco palace that he disdained once an American visitor told him, shortly before its completion, that it was tacky. It *is* tacky, but more fitting for Rafael Trujillo than the hunting lodge. But then, as the guide—"Coca Cola" he is called—tells us, Trujillo was just an old country boy and didn't know any better.

Both republics on Hispaniola key their currency to the dollar. The Haitian gourde, five of which equal an American dollar, bears the legend in French that it is redeemable at the central bank in American dollars. The Dominican peso is pegged at one to the dollar. Black markets in currency operate in both countries, of course, but I pass up that adventure and pick up Dominican amber at tourist rates and Haitian rum at Jane Barbancourt's establishment in the hills above Port-au-Prince, and let it go at that. The Haitian primitive art is exciting, but too expensive for me, and there will be another visit, another winter.

Both countries are now preparing for a tourist invasion. As the natives in Jamaica and the Virgin Islands play out their versions of black power by murdering whites and showing their utter contempt for Americans, both the Haitians (perhaps one benefit of long-time independence is this lack of revealed antipathy to Caucasians) and Dominicans expect more visitors than just those anxious for overnight divorces. The winter weather is ideal. I forget Boston's mush and chill for a few weeks, wonder how long one must stay around Hispaniola to learn how to do it less expensively, and soak up the sun and try to understand the cultures.

Diego Columbus' palace, now a gem-like little museum, highlights Santo Domingo for me; in Port-au-Prince, it is the cemetery, where Papa Doc rests in a jewel-encrusted mausoleum protected by armed guards, in the midst of gaudy crypts bedecked with plastic flowers and grade-school murals of holy scenes. Outside, the beggars wait, not allowed in to look at the final resting place of the father of their current president for life, but ready for the tourist, whose compassion must—surely here, if at all—be touched by the extremes of wealth in luxurious burial and deprivation in the life of the masses. □

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BOOKS

Giving Up the Office

ROBERT D. NOVAK

A Heartbeat Away: The Investigation and Resignation of Vice President Spiro T. Agnew
By Richard M. Cohen and Jules Witcover
Viking, 363 pp., $10

On September 20, 1973, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew's attorneys, engaged in secret plea bargaining for their client, made a remarkable offer to Attorney General Elliot Richardson. Agnew would honor one demand of the prosecutors, that he resign as Vice President, but not another, that he admit criminal charges against him. Instead, Agnew would release a statement absolving President Nixon, Richardson (whom Agnew was prepared to describe as "a straightshooting and devoted public servant"), and the rest of the federal prosecution team from accusations—spread by Agnew's friends—that the investigation of the Vice President was politically inspired.

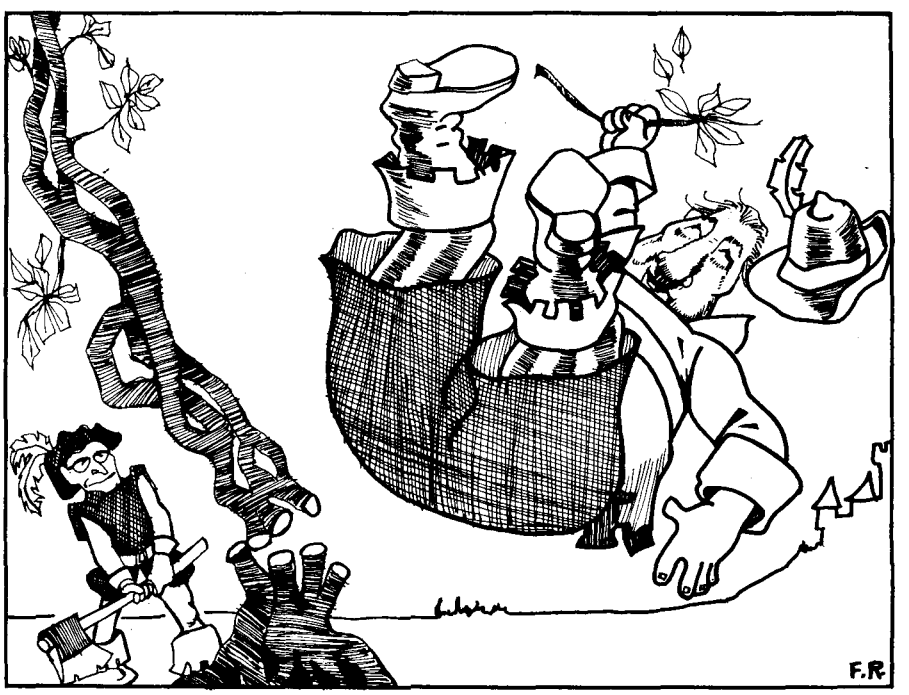
Richardson, of course, rejected the offer out of hand. Before Agnew finally came to terms a month later, he was to lash out wildly against the very Justice Department officials he had offered to commend. But on September 20, *Washington Post* reporters Richard M. Cohen and Jules Witcover write in this valuable autopsy of Agnew's end, the prosecutors were given "a new measure of the man they were jousting with: a desperate man, a cold, pragmatic, unprincipled man who, for all his pride, was willing to abandon it publicly to stay out of jail."

Cohen, the *Post*'s reporter on Maryland affairs, and Witcover, a nationally renowned political reporter and Agnew biographer, have faithfully and skillfully reconstructed Agnew's fall.

IT BEGAN January 15, 1973, when a Baltimore County engineer named Lester Matz, under federal investigation for bribing public officials, told his lawyer he could not cooperate with the prosecutors by telling the whole truth, "because I have been paying off the Vice President." Cohen and Witcover have stitched together the intricate interrelationships between the President, the White House, the Vice President's office, the Justice Department, and the U.S. Attorney's office in Baltimore, culminating October 10, 1973, when Agnew resigned and made a *nolo contendere* plea in open court, a plea equivalent to an admission of guilt. The story is as readable and engrossing as the best detective fiction.

But beyond its entertainment value, *A Heartbeat Away* is a necessary corrective to a residual feeling within the Republican Party and the conservative movement that Agnew was in fact an innocent victim and perhaps even a martyr of the Right. Some conservatives talk of Agnew being destroyed, variously by a liberal Republican cabal headed by Elliot Richardson, by the White House inner circle attempting to distract attention from the President's Watergate crisis, by a sinister nest of liberal Democrats in the U.S. Attorney's office in Baltimore. The underpinning for all these conspiracy theories is the belief, surprisingly widespread, that Agnew was guilty of no great crime but simply fudged a little on his taxes.

THAT THIS is manifestly untrue becomes clear to anyone who bothers to read the 40-page statement released by the federal prosecutors on the day of Agnew's *nolo contendere* plea. That statement summarized the evidence of bribery, extortion, and tax evasion; complete and irrefutable in detailing Agnew's record of corruption, it is supplemented here by Cohen and Witcover's fascinating story.



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This story shows an Agnew complaining of financial demands created by his sudden political ascent to County Executive of Baltimore County and then Governor of Maryland, and actively soliciting kickbacks from contractors. Even as Vice President of the United States, he was still pleading poverty, degrading his high office by receiving cash payments in the Executive Office Building with the vice presidential seal behind his back.

Agnew's problems stemmed from no conspiracy against him but from the unanswerable mountain of evidence derived as an accidental by-product of the federal investigation of corruption in Baltimore County. Despite Agnew's public avowals of innocence, once the contractors who had been paying off Agnew began to talk, there was no alternative to his leaving office. But how? Under what conditions? Those questions were the real concern of complicated negotiations superbly reconstructed by Cohen and Witcover.

Throughout those negotiations, Richardson successfully sought to remove the potential defendant in a criminal trial from the presidential succession but still make public the evidence against him. It became clear during plea bargaining that to accomplish this Richardson would have to agree to no jail term, much to the distress of the eager young prosecutors in Baltimore.

The White House performance was far less constant than Richardson's, with a detached Nixon characteristically communicating second-hand through General Alexander Haig. The White House, when it examined the evidence, realized at once that Agnew must go. But it wobbled from the beginning. Nixon gave Agnew his personal expression of confidence on August 7 when the news of the Baltimore investigation became known, but aides Haig and Bryce Harlow 15 minutes later were asking Agnew to make life easier for the President by resigning.

On September 20, White House aides Haig and J. Fred Buzhardt in "a stormy and aggressive" session informed the Attorney General "in no uncertain terms that Agnew had to go and go quickly . . . and Richardson must not be allowed to stand in the way with his overly tough terms." Richardson left that meeting feeling like Sir Thomas More standing up to Henry VIII but the next day was called back by Haig, who told him "the President thought he was doing the right thing." The White House also changed its mind about Agnew's attempt to derail the court suit with impeachment proceedings, first opposing it and later favoring it. The White House, fearing a dangerous precedent being set for Nixon, opposed any thought of indicting Agnew until the Justice Department came up with a formal opinion that the President could not be indicted but the Vice President could. What part the White House played in the newspaper leaks is not made clear, and here is this book's reportorial deficiency. Cohen was the reporter of some of the most important leaked stories, and he can scarcely reveal his sources.

White House duplicity pales before the Vice President's audacity. With the evidence against him irrefutable, Agnew publicly protested his innocence and did not flinch at loyal supporters making fools of themselves standing by him. When Cohen's story in the *Washington Post* of September 22 revealed and temporarily collapsed the plea bargaining, "Agnew decided to return to the battlefield to improve his bargaining position."

The result was Agnew's September 29 speech to the National Federation of Republican Women in Los Angeles, assaulting the conduct of Assistant Attorney General Henry Petersen as "unprofessional and malicious and outrageous" and pledging, "I will not resign if indicted." As an attempt by Agnew to improve his position in plea bargaining, it failed miserably. Furious at being pressured by Agnew, Nixon ordered Agnew to halt this counterattack.

Throughout his travail, Agnew seemed concerned only with his personal objectives of escaping jail (attained) and preventing the prosecutors' statement of evidence from being made public (not attained). The impact of his fall on political conservatism in America seems to have concerned him not at all. □

Robert D. Novak *is a nationally syndicated columnist. . . .* **Rene Kuhn Bryant** *is a freelance writer who appears in* NR *and other magazines. . . .* **George E. Reedy** *is dean and Nieman Professor of Journalism at Marquette University. . . .* **Neal B. Freeman** *is an executive at King Features. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *teaches at Indiana State University.*

Times to Remember
By Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
Doubleday, 522 pp., $12.50

SELECTIVE REMINISCENCES

RENE KUHN BRYANT

Somewhere toward the end of this latest addition to the Kennedy mythology, Rose Kennedy reproduces an undated note she once wrote to herself: "I would much rather be known as the mother of a great son or a great daughter than the author of a great book or the painter of a great masterpiece." Posterity will pass on the first half of that proposition; as for the second, it must be said that "great" is not the adjective that springs most readily to mind when, at very long last, indeed, the final page (522, that is) of this book is turned.

As in every other Kennedy enterprise, the troops—which is to say, family, friends, servants, acquaintances, hangers-on, well-wishers, strangers, even bystanders—were mobilized for the production of Rose's memoirs. Diaries, journals, letters, taped oral histories, reminiscences, biographies, and autobiographies, published and unpublished, were summoned up to be added to the contents of the already bulging attic at Hyannis Port. There Rose had stored Fitzgerald-Kennediana from Brian Boru's day onward, and thus accoutered with documents and memorabilia, she launched forth. The resulting mountain of trivia and inconsequentialities which she has so painstakingly assembled reads like an interminable press release on America's longest-running political soap opera. Surveying the extraordinary circumstances and conditions of her long and extraordinary life, one can only regret that when Rose Kennedy came to contemplate them in retrospect herself, the habit of

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image-making and legend-weaving was too deeply ingrained to overcome.

It would probably have been unrealistic to expect anything else, and certainly *Times to Remember* reflects sharply certain qualities that appear singularly strong in Rose Kennedy. Foremost of these is the compulsion to instruct. In the years during which her children were growing up she pursued them relentlessly with enlightenment, dosing them with information as some of her contemporaries might have used spring tonics. She continues the practice with her grandchildren, as a quote from one of them demonstrates: "She . . . always wants to ask questions, making sure we're learning. Like we're going by a landmark building like Notre Dame or Les Invalides or the Louvre and it's 'Do you know the difference among the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns?' And seems a little surprised when you do." Given this approach, the reader, willy-nilly, becomes another captive pupil, and under Rose's firm, no-nonsense guidance, is taught all the things he never supposed he wanted to know about the Kennedys. And perhaps still doesn't.

AND THEN there is the vanity, which, although conceivably justified, is nevertheless startling in its constancy. It is not, furthermore, the most useful of traits in a memoirist since it can lead (and with Rose, it does) to cluttering the narrative landscape with detailed descriptions of gowns and hairdos worn to this or that long ago ball or the childish compilation of compliments hoarded over the years and now repeated word for word. One longs for a little of the leavening of self-mockery which characterized some of the other Kennedys.

Much more important than such considerations, however, in depreciating the value of these memoirs is the assiduous attention Rose pays to promoting general assent to the Kennedys as uniquely endowed, sublimely qualified, and divinely destined rulers. One by one she takes up the familiar rumors and allegations that might produce some objection to such a view and deals with them briskly, if not always convincingly. Has it been said that much of Joe Kennedy's wealth originated in bootlegging? Not at all. "Foreseeing that the Prohibition Amendment would soon be repealed, he felt that anyone franchised to distribute the good British and Scottish brands of liquor was bound to prosper. Thus, he decided to go to the sources of supply and negotiate agreements with the heads and owners of the big distilleries." What about the impression current at the time that Joe had been forced to finish his term as American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's prematurely, detested and driven home by Britons who felt he had betrayed their friendship by his openly isolationist stand as World War II gathered and broke in Europe? One would suppose from Rose's telling of it that he had left in triumph, successful on every count, universally admired, laden with praise.

On Joe's role in securing the Presidency for Jack, she is unequivocal. Quoting from her diary of late 1960: "In the paper this morning there was an article about the superb Kennedy organization. The efficiency—the results—all this because it is a family team at the center, with Jack, his brothers, his sisters, and brothers-in-law, and the overall strategy of their father, who I doubt will ever get credit for the constant, unremitting labor he has devoted to making his son President." Jack's Presidency is recalled as one blazing triumph after another. The index contains no listing for, "Congress, difficulties with," or "Pigs, Bay of," but pages are devoted to a loving recreation of scenes from the state visits to Vienna and Paris when the handsome, self-confident, talented young President met and mastered such crafty old statesmen as Khrushchev and de Gaulle.

WAS Bobby regarded as a carpetbagger when he decided to run for the Senate from New York? Rose reminds us patiently that he spent seven whole years of his boyhood in Bronxville, more than enough to establish his claim to be a New Yorker to any fairminded person, surely. Had he a reputation for ruthlessness? All unfounded, as the testimonials she adduces here from family and friends should demonstrate conclusively.

Eventually, in making the case for the fitness of the dynasty, she comes to Teddy and necessarily, thus, athwart that awkwardness, Chappaquiddick, a place name almost as noisomely suggestive as Watergate. The fond maternal

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Bargain of the year: *The Best of C. S. Lewis.* Includes *The Screwtape Letters, The Case for Christianity, Miracles, The Great Divorce,* and *Christian Behavior*—all for $6.95 (Canon Press). . . . *Some of My Best Friends Are Christians,* avers Paul Blanshard. And man bites dog (Open Court, $5.95). . . . *NR* contributor Stefan T. Possony projects his ideas on American strategy in *Waking Up the Giant* (Arlington, $14.95). . . . John Keats found tranquility, tradition, and natural beauty on one of the Thousand Islands, celebrates his discovery with *Of Time and an Island* (Charterhouse, $7.95). . . . Katherine Lyon Mix's *Max and the Americans* is a study of Beerbohm loving and hating us (Stephen Greene, $12.50). . . . *Edwardian Life and Leisure* by Ronald Pearsall is good British social history (St. Martin's, $8.50).

■ PAPERBACKS: Arthur Mizener's 1951 life of Scott Fitzgerald, *The Far Side of Paradise,* coming in a revised edition from Avon (July, $1.50). . . . Mary Stewart revisits the Arthurian legend in *The Hollow Hills* (Dell, July, $1.75). . . . *The Fatal Gift* is a novel by *NR* contributor Alec Waugh (Manor, Aug., $1.75). . . . Come July, two interesting titles from Ballantine: Colin Simpson's *The Lusitania,* lately the subject of a controversy in these pages ($1.50), and *The Second Crash,* Charles D. Ellis' look at the market collapse of 1969, and how it just missed beating 1929 ($1.50). . . . Emmet John Hughes surveys *The Living Presidency* (Penguin, $2.95). . . . *Upstairs at the White House* was where J. B. West served as Chief Usher for three decades (Warner, Aug., $1.95). . . . From Viking, Auden's *A Certain World* (out, $3.95). . . . Two important ones, both $3.95 from Meridian: *The Making of Europe* by Christopher Dawson and *The Writings of Martin Buber,* selected and introduced by *NR* contributor Will Herberg.

■ SPORTS BOOKS JUST OUT: Peter Chew surveys *The Kentucky Derby: The First 100 Years,* includes 170 photos (Houghton, $15). . . . Not to be outdone, NAL reissues a paperback novel on the same theme, *The Race* by Eunice Walkup and Oscar Otis ($1.75). . . . Bill Libby chronicles UCLA's cage dynasty in *The Walton Gang* (Coward, $7.95). . . . Met Tug McGraw and *Times*man Joe Durso join forces to relive the 1973 season in *Screwball* (Houghton, $6.95). . . . Robert Smith knows who the greatest home-run hitter was: *Babe: The Life and Times of an American Hero* (Thomas Y. Crowell, $10). . . . Gaylord Perry Tells (almost) All in *Me and the Spitter* (Saturday Review Press, $6.95). . . . John D. McCallum studies the greats from Sullivan to Foreman in *The World Heavyweight Boxing Championship* (Chilton, $12).

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memory, which had been so full and precise in relating earlier triumphs, now constricts selectively, and the version Rose offers is confined strictly to the defense produced at the inquest. Which perhaps is only natural in a doting mother. It would be easier to accept, however, if immediately thereafter she were not ruminating, "Someday, perhaps, Ted may decide to seek the Presidency. When the time and circumstances are right, I would like to see him President because I know he would be a credit to that high office and do wonderful things for the country."

In the closing paragraphs of *Times to Remember*, Rose Kennedy attempts to articulate the surging, buoyant faith which has enabled her to bear heroically the succession of tragedies marking off each portion of her life. Briefly here, deeper levels are glimpsed and one is moved to speculate ruefully on what a far different and better book she might have written if she had not felt compelled to continue to feed the monster, publicity. □

Choosing Our King
By Michael Novak
Macmillan, 324 pp., $7.95

SYMBOLS AT THE TOP

GEORGE E. REEDY

Michael Novak is an intellectual who has discovered that there are forces in politics which transcend input-output computer analysis, behaviorism, and demographic study. He is trying to restore human beings to the process and in his eyes this means a restoration of the symbols of secular faith which have broken down.

The thesis of his book can be simply stated. He regards the classic American political process as a clash between a group of secular "faiths" which find their focal point in the Presidency. The President himself is the nation's central religious symbol and, however much Americans may think of themselves as a pragmatic people, is regarded as having a touch of non-ecclesiastical divinity.

The simple statement, however, cannot be followed by an equally simple explanation of the steps in his reasoning. This is not because Novak is inarticulate or his thoughts muddy—on the contrary, he is quite lucid. The difficulty lies, instead, in the use of theological symbols in a secular age where religion is regarded as something that some people do on Sunday and management technology as the end which must be served the other six days of the week.

Thus, when he refers to the President as king, high priest, and prophet, I can foresee readers who will interpret the words as describing superstitions from which men and women must be emancipated. And many of his "civil religion" categories may appear as a restatement in mystical terms of the world perceived by Sinclair Lewis in *Babbitt*.

It is to be hoped that current prejudices against any symbolic language other than FORTRAN will not discourage the political audience from plunging more deeply into the Novak thesis. It is valid in the sense that it opens up a rich vein for analysis. The affinity of religious and political activity has always been clear except to the tone-deaf. Both are characterized by the phenomena of conversion, commitment, unquestioning loyalty, and dedication to a higher cause. A presidential handshake is a benediction and the multitudes are blessed when "the Chief" raises both hands—palms outward—above his head and smiles benignly. Only hymns drawn from the sacred past can properly express the exaltation of a convention which believes it has nominated a winner and stands on the threshold of a crusade.

But Novak is probing far deeper than the outer layers of religious symbolism. He is going to the heart of the matter —to the faiths by which men live. He argues that the nation has become a church—or rather a collection of churches that are held together by the mystique of the elected "king." To discuss the Presidency with realism, he argues, brings us "to the edges of theological reflection."

To this end, he distinguishes five Protestant secular religions—ranging from high church Episcopalians (whom he equates with Nelson Rockefeller and McGeorge Bundy) to the black Protestant experience ("Much closer to emotion and raw experience"). In between he finds the "Bible belt" (George Wallace, Lyndon Johnson); the "middle-class heartland churches" with their "denominational, commerce-instructed moralism" (Dwight Eisenhower, Hubert Humphrey, and Richard Nixon); and the revivalist phenomenon, typified by William Jennings Bryan and George McGovern. These five he regards as dominant on the national scene with the Roman Catholic group a relatively late comer through President Kennedy.

THE implications of these secular religions are explored in brilliant detail including an analysis of the 1972 elections. Novak is at his best when his eye is roaming to pick up the significant tidbits—the Serbian audience at a Wallace rally in Milwaukee reacting coldly to suggestions that they clap to the beat of a hillbilly singer (Catholics do not usually clap in church); Lindsay's inept adjectives as he sought to flatter a Wisconsin audience; Humphrey's ability to "swing" with a black audience contrasted with McGovern's inability; Muskie's failure to relate to urban Polish audiences because he "understood nothing of the hard edges of their daily lives" despite his own ancestry.

He is equally fascinating when he explores the distinction between morality (humans as they are in fact) and moralism (humans as they would be "if only . . ."). Both have a time-honored role in American political history and have led to "high symbolic expectations of the Presidency." As he notes, our reaction to chicanery in high office is far sharper than it would be in other nations. One of his best discussions lies in the chapter on whether a President should have "dirty hands" and, if so, to what extent.

Naturally, Novak applies his analysis to the Nixon fall from grace. Our current President, he says, understood the need to manipulate symbols but did not comprehend their real force. Therefore, he "tended to reduce politics to power and technique . . . trusted public relations images more than genuine symbols . . . sponsored luxuriant growths of 'official truth.'" Under such circumstances a "seemingly irresistible juggernaut was reduced from triumph to humiliation."

Unfortunately, when Novak proceeds

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from diagnosis to prescription he too tends to confuse pr images with genuine symbols. The concept of a "single spokesman" for the President's opposition party in Congress reflects a complete lack of experience with an American legislative body. Biweekly accountings by the President "before leaders of the opposition" would require not just constitutional revision but a new Constitution. A Cabinet containing a "proportion of members of the opposition party" would quickly become a nullity. And his final proposal—that we elect one President to exercise "symbolic" authority and one to exercise managerial "power"—is strictly from Madison Avenue. Of course, all these things could be done were we to switch to a parliamentary system but Novak seems to be unaware of this prerequisite or its difficulties.

The prescription, however, only occupies one chapter—not enough to flaw an otherwise brilliant analysis. This is a book which not only makes a lot of sense but which serves the highest purpose of writing—to make people think. Perhaps some day we will be able once again to live in comfort with our symbols but we will not do so until we understand them. □

The Presidency Reappraised
Edited by Rexford G. Tugwell and Thomas E. Cronin
Praeger, 312 pp., $8.95

TRACK-COVERING

NEAL B. FREEMAN

There is ample evidence that the Founding Fathers, from the very beginning, conceived of the American Presidency as a form of elective monarchy. There was every reason for them to do so. The neo-European concept articulated by Alexander Hamilton was attractive, compellingly so. Monarchy was the dominant pattern of the political backdrop; eighteenth century polities were either monarchies or failures, and the Fathers were nothing if not success-oriented. Their legacy was the American Dream. There was also the dominant political personality of the moment. George Washington was a man whose democratic appetites were easily sated. His instinct was to govern, not to advise, not to consent. By the end of his term the notion that the American President would be a high-level clerk executing congressional orders had disappeared from all but the "irresponsible" literature.

The theory of presidential minimalism made a comeback under the eloquent Jefferson, but it was banished forever during the reign of Abraham Lincoln. Perceiving the issue of his time as national survival, Lincoln expanded executive powers in ad hoc spurts, never pausing to develop the legitimizing rationalizations. In his own view, the powers he exercised were extraordinary, to be used only in a national emergency. His own American Dream was a rolling land of free yeomen, a vision wholly inconsistent with a New World monarchy. But those vast presidential powers, once used, could never be completely hidden from the elective monarchs who followed him to the Oval Office.

IT REMAINED for twentieth century "progressives," of course, to develop a theory of presidential supremacy. Emergency powers—dormant (by definition) most of the time—and monarchical instincts were reeds too thin to support the ambitions of progressivism's best and brightest. They felt a need to institutionalize the power of the Presidency. Happily, Woodrow Wilson discovered that the President represents all the people, a principle whose corollary it is that the Congress represents only "interests," which is to say, selfishness. It is clearly in the national interest, therefore, for the President to seize ultimate power. So argued the progressives.

As Wilson wrote presciently in his book, *Congressional Government*: "The nation as a whole has chosen him [the President]. . . . His is the only national voice in affairs. Let him once win the admiration and confidence of the country, and no other single force can withstand him. . . ." And so it turned out to be, with FDR becoming finally the "most powerful man on the face of the earth" and his successors slipping easily into the contemporary pattern of presidential autocracy.

The present volume, edited by and with contributions from Rexford G. Tugwell and Thomas E. Cronin, is an attempt to review the development of presidential power and to begin the work of cutting it back to manageable proportions. Mr. Tugwell, the FDR braintruster, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., George Reedy, and several other contributors—some of them red-hot advocates of presidential power in former days—urge us to ignore their previous telegrams. The last 50 years of trendy political science have been a terrible mistake, it seems. (Professor Schlesinger is too modest when he writes: "It must be added that American historians and political scientists, this writer among them, labored to give the expansive theory of the Presidency due historical sanction.") The new policy, promulgated in this volume, is to impose limitations on presidential power rather than to seek further expansion. For this insight the contributors are indebted to a pair of unlikely gurus, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon, the "bad" Presidents. But, as Schlesinger states in a refreshing paragraph, "it is agreeable to claim constitutionality for policies one supports and agreeable, too, to stigmatize policies one opposes as unconstitutional." Agreeable yes, but if intellectual integrity can be measured by consistency, one's claims must be viewed as political rather than scholarly.

The Presidency Reappraised is a useful study, for all its political track-covering. F. G. Hutchins' chapter on historical attitudes toward the Presidency and Daniel P. Moynihan's piece on "The President and the Press" (reprinted from *Commentary*) are especially heuristic. There are also two fine chapters from Milton Plesur on presidential health and John E. Mueller on public opinion, neither of which seems to belong in this volume. The latter reaches the conclusion *inter alia* that the more affluent, the better educated, and the young were more supportive of the Vietnam war than was the general population.

THESE ARE the same folks who brought us the magical FDR Presidency. One cannot rule out the possibility that they can bring off a restoration of the Jeffersonian Presidency. Ponder the recent remark of Claiborne

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Pell, a U.S. senator of ready-to-wear liberal views: "the Bricker Amendment, if put up today, would be voted overwhelmingly by all of us." I wonder who he means by "us." □

FICTION

Fear of Flying
By Erica Jong
Holt, Rinehart, 340 pp., $6.95

WOMAN'S LIT

PATRICIA S. COYNE

The Woman's Lib movement has pretty well said all the things it has to say, and most of us, having heard its positions and laments any number of times, feel, no matter how we felt in the beginning, little need to run through them all again.

But popular fiction tends to suffer from cultural lag. Adventure novelists have only recently left off Nazis to take up campus revolutionaries. And many women novelists are just now discovering Woman's Lib.

This new woman novelist acts on the premise that she has a thing or two to tell about her own life, just like her male counterpart, and the reason she hasn't told it before is that up until now she had been unaware that much of what was supposed to account for the glory of femininity was actually degradation. But her consciousness has been raised and it's all menstrual cycles and contraceptives now, thwarted creativity and the ways man attempts to keep woman on her back.

All of this, I suppose, is perfectly understandable. But the problem here is one of rather startling inconsistency. For while she dwells on and documents the varieties of sexual abuse, still the woman's lib novelist seems intent on proving that she's a woman of vast sexual passion.

The teenager of the Fifties who read *True Confessions* and then kissed with her mouth open because that was the way they liked it is now, at least on paper, performing other more complicated feats. And it's impossible not to wonder whether she might be performing them for the same reason she used to. Her motivation often seems suspiciously similar to that of the girlie-magazine model out to establish pictorially that she's a pretty hot little chick.

Erica Jong is currently the hottest of the new woman novelists, and *Fear of Flying* has pulled far ahead of the pack in the race for the "women's novel of the year" award. And it probably will win, for the author sees in life precisely what the women's movement has told her to see. She finds drama and significance in exactly those places—and only those places—where the movement claims it exists.

Fear of Flying tells the story of a girl who runs away from her Chinese-American psychiatrist husband during a convention in Vienna to float through the rest of Europe with a British psychiatrist named (yes) Adrian Goodlove. She is obviously writing from her own life. (Her husband is a Chinese-American psychiatrist and it must be pretty hard for him to go out these days because now the whole world knows his measurements.)

The prose style is snappy—super casual—rather like a precocious teenager's diary. It's a highly readable novel, but remains to the end no more than a slight amusement, for the author has no perspective about the things that happen. She simply spills it all out. Nor does the book dramatize any real development. In the end Isadora Wing, the heroine, has outgrown her longing for the "zipless f---" which, I suppose, is progress of a sort. But hardly worth a book.

Isadora's odyssey away from her husband and back again might have made a good novel if only the author had been able to see it in relation to the rest of the human condition. Unfortunately, she, like the rest of her breed, lacks irony. Yet there is a very basic irony, one even apart from their concern with sexual image, that none of them seems to perceive.

For although all these new authors consider themselves liberated, still, the only aspect of their lives which they see as consequential enough to dramatize is their relationships with men. Men write about the work they do, the wars they fight, their dealings with each other, and the women in their novels are seen in relation to all those things. But with the possible exception of Lawrence, I know of no male novelist whose interest lies exclusively in how he feels about women and how women feel about him—who sees himself totally in relation to female society.

The argument is, I suppose, that women, within their own milieu, don't do anything interesting enough to write about. But it's a fallacious argument, much like the argument that kept seventeenth century dramatists from examining the lives of their servants. It's not that there was no drama to be gleaned from servants' lives; it's just that nobody had begun to think of servants in that way. And the problem with women in fiction today is that no one has thought yet to shape exclusively female activities into serious literature.

And there is an exclusively feminine activity which has remained almost totally untouched by serious fiction. It is the one aspect of womanhood that the libbers eschew—child rearing. It could be stated, and with good reason, that raising children is the most important thing that happens in the world. Yet there has yet to be written an important novel whose theme is a woman's relationship with her children. It's not that it can't be done. It's certainly not that it oughtn't be done. But no woman has done it.

Perhaps, with growing female self-awareness, such things will come. But the female novelists who have risen thus far are still just writing about their relations with men, and it's therefore most difficult to see how they can think of themselves as liberated. Show me the woman who is honestly attempting to put her experiences as mother, household manager, or even secretary-treasurer of the PTA into art form, and I will be delighted to address her as "Ms." Of course she probably wouldn't care whether I did or not. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Viet Journal, *by James Jones (Delacorte Press, 257 pp., $7.95).* Prewitt, Jones's protagonist in *From Here to Eternity*, would like this book. So will the reader who yearns for a view of Vietnam that extends bevond the wailings of the apologists for American involvement in Southeast Asia. The novelist weaves a series of sketches which vividly depict troops and civilians attempting to survive the façade of "ceasefire." He grinds no ideological axe, which perhaps explains his difficulty in securing an entrance visa from either South or North Vietnam. Utilizing several Army contacts, Jones finds his way into Vietnam and about the locations made so hauntingly familiar by the TV news. Leaving philosophy for the armchair analyst, he combines the style of an artist with the toughness of a realist who is finely attuned to the foibles and the fiber of the U.S. Army.

A. L. MILLER

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BOWLING

(Continued from page 582)

anarchic world of states, it means offering oneself as a potential slave of those upon whom one depends. It means peace, all right: that absence of conflict which marks a hierarchical relationship and ultimately the relationship between the slave and his owner.

The sophisticated, prosperous, interdependent Japan of 1973 does international somersaults on the command of Arab states shielded by the Soviet nuclear arsenal. The narrow-minded, militaristic Japan of the Thirties launched a brilliant but hopeless war against the strongest nation on earth rather than submit to political dictation by those who controlled its access to oil.

The sophisticated, prosperous, interdependent Holland of 1974 faces lonely starvation if it does not truckle to the Arabs and their Russian backers. What a contrast to the behavior of the misguided jingoistic Dutch of the Forties who bowed only to the overwhelming power of the United States before giving up their colonial control of Indonesian oil and other resources.

The sophisticated, prosperous, interdependent Britain of 1974 trembles when the sheiks threaten its oil supply. What a contrast to British policies of the early Fifties, marked by efforts to retain an ultimate political veto in Iraq and an economic veto on the disposal of Iranian oil.

The Japanese of the Thirties, the Dutch of the Forties, and the British of the Fifties spurned the advantages of interdependence. Today the Russians and Chinese, two peoples with low living standards, have accepted tremendous economic costs, and in so doing have made themselves immune to the sheiks and to the Americans and to each other.

When the President of the United States calls on his own people to tighten their belts and launch a multibillion-dollar campaign to make America self-sufficient in energy by the Eighties, the death knell of interdependence has sounded. The flow of capital and managerial talent throughout a world market has produced the multinational corporation, an economic miracle that is political and military poison to the host states, which have lost a part of their sovereignty, and to the sending states, which are certain to be despoiled through expropriation. The flow of labor in the world market, never free, has resulted in resentments and restrictions, from the rounding up of wetback migrant workers in California to the mounting hatred against "guest" workers in such citadels of rationality as Switzerland. The movement of goods in the world market ends with American quotas on Japanese textiles and Japanese walls against American automobiles. Interdependence in raw materials ends in the Arab oil cutoff.

The world was changed significantly with the Arab oil cutoff. Through technological advance, massive stockpiling of stockpilable materials, the economic and *political* merging of existing sovereignties into wider communities, the manipulation of consumption levels and patterns, and new ventures in political control by advanced states over relatively primitive areas, any people which desires to be sovereign and to avoid slavery must in the future pursue a deliberate policy of autarky in those fields of economic activity which are vital to defense, life, and health.

The new self-sufficiency has its cost in terms of living standards and welfare. Just the same, such costs will be paid by those who are determined to find their own destinies rather than to be the instruments of others. □

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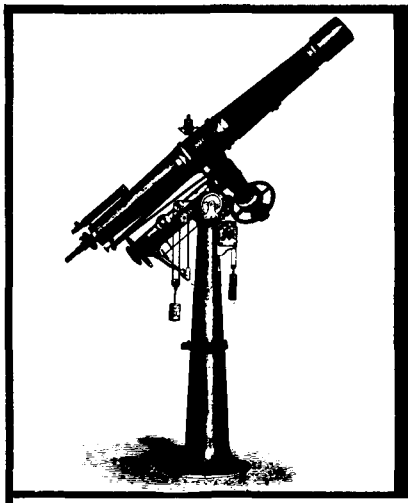

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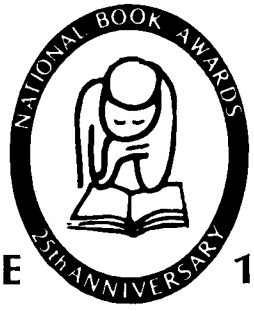

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LETTERS

(Continued from page 563)

greed. The greatest spiritual strength, whether evil or good, has always been celibate. Mephistopheles tempts Faust to sin but does not touch Marguerite himself. A supreme black magician would guard the integrity of his powers much as would the saint.

It is a mark of our decadence that to us immorality means sex, sin means sex, and license means obscenity. If the church and the old traditions are correct, if chastity gives strength, we are a weak people indeed.

New Haven, Conn. HOPE M. KIRKPATRICK

West Point

For several years, we have been subjected by the Establishment press to generally ill-considered and frequently nitpicking attacks upon our service academies. In contrast, Egon Tausch's article ["Should West Point Survive?" March 15] seems to provide a very adequate resumé of the problems confronting the United States Military Academy as it attempts to operate within a society characterized by situational ethics and conditional morality.

The charges that the ideals and traditions associated with West Point are irrelevant in today's world are possibly true but, if you'll excuse me, irrelevant. (Perhaps it is "today's world," as depicted on the Op-Ed page of the *Times*, which is the ultimate irrelevancy.) West Point always has had its share of problems, internal and otherwise. It has perpetrated an occasional injustice. (For example, I have never understood the justification for mandatory chapel attendance.) And yet, for the better part of two centuries, it has performed its mission in a remarkably competent and effective manner. That mission, of course, is to prepare cadets for a productive career in the Regular Army. West Point aspires to nothing more, and it has achieved nothing less.

Loudonville, N.Y. G. G. PEERY III

Mr. Tausch seems to believe that there are only two very divergent, and in my opinion unattractive, alternatives, should West Point continue to exist. The military academy can produce either rather dangerous, middle class, archetypal soldiers blindly committed to "duty, honor, and country," or else, equally dangerous intellectuals who have abandoned all belief in military tradition and discipline in espousing the ideals of revolution.

This position is insulting to the cadets and the military academy, if not to the United States itself. It is not a matter of indoctrinating the cadets one way or another; on the contrary these are very bright students who should be able to understand the position of the military in a republic. Taught the practical and philosophic reasons for this, the cadet should be able to reason about and justify his

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position in the army and the army's position in American society. In this fashion we can have both: liberally educated but professional officers who are committed (not uncritically) to the military, who know why their situation is difficult and often frustrating, but who know why it must be so in the United States.

Toronto SEAN MICHAEL WHITE

Corrigenda

In "For the Record" [March 15], you refer to Major Steve Ritchie as the "only ace of the Vietnam war." There are in fact five Vietnam air aces. USAF Captain Jeffrey Feinstein and USN Lieutenants Randy Cunningham and William Driscoll also achieved five air-to-air victories in this conflict; USAF Captain Charles DeBellevue leads in number of total victories with six. However Major Ritchie does have the distinction of being the *first* air ace of the Vietnam war.

The Vietnam war has very few jewels for our country to find within the matrix of its blood, bitterness, and swamp mud. One of these is the fact that the majority of the American fighting men did their job and did it well, despite the conditions in Southeast Asia and the widespread lack of support from home. It is for this reason that I wish to see the above oversight corrected. I am sure that Major Ritchie would join me in this wish.

Wilton Manors, Fla. OTTO J. KUNST

A technical correction to "For the Record" [March 1]. Thomas C. Reed was *not* named "director of communications in the Pentagon" (which suggests press relations). He was made Director of Telecommunications and Command & Control Systems—a highly specialized and sensitive management slot responsible for the rapid response of U.S. Armed Forces worldwide to Pentagon orders. Still good news for conservatives!

Broomall, Pa. ROGER F. JONES

I did not expect NATIONAL REVIEW to echo the contrived confusion of the general press about the position of the National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse, of which I was a member.

Contrary to what you imply in "The Week" [March 29] the Commission did *not* proclaim marijuana harmless. The Commission did *not* recommend the legalization of marijuana; indeed, it recommended that marijuana remain an illegal drug, subject to seizure as contraband.

Rockford, Ill. JOHN A. HOWARD

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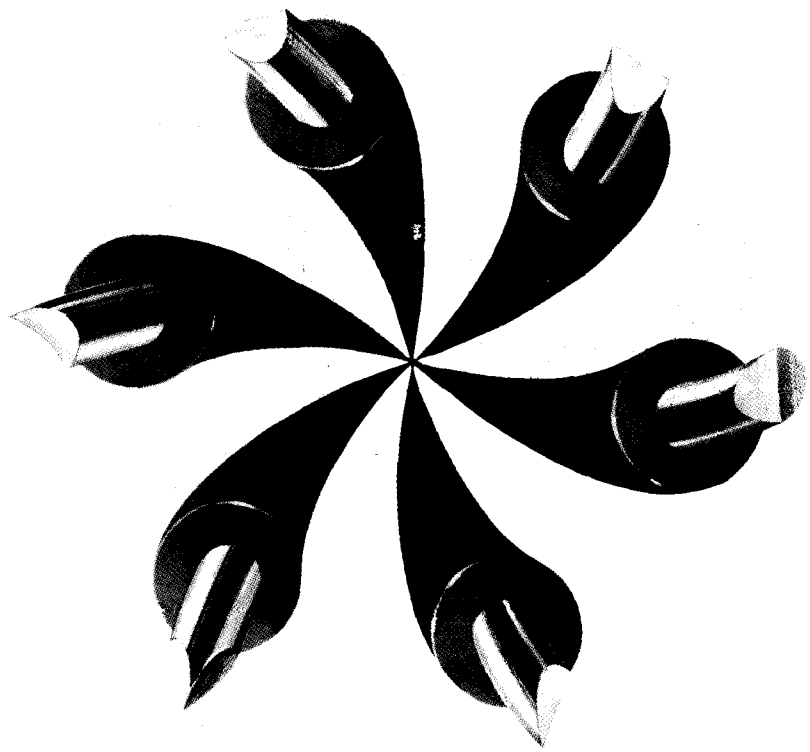

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[CHARLES] DENSFORD:

The Root of the Matter.

In nineteen-three Panama ceded to us an intrinsically worthless liability; American genius has transformed it into a valuable asset. To speak of "returning" it to them is as grostesque as to speak of returning a velvet purse to the sow from whose ear it was made.

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Employment ad that Eddie Cantor might have inspired — 122 108 197 215 30 147 208 83 113

B. A suburb of Detroit — 161 119 135 86 163 150 58 2 227

C. Sleeping quarters for an office cat — 165 183 3 160 59 101 126 217 74 134 / 138 157

D. Employment ad column the post office might use — 170 18 27 7 78 151 43 156

E. The persons available for military service — 198 65 166 204 112 94 9 87

F. You can't get this without a job; you can't get a job unless you're this — 203 84 110 131 232 206 210 102 68 82 / 224

G. A crystalline sugar, $C^6H^{12}O^5$ — 226 191 205 213 66 158 124 89

H. BELAY ARDOR — 67 4 42 223 12 202 45 81 20 31

I. Circumnavigations — 44 52 63 88 8 24

J. Urban district in West Suffolk — 71 10 190 130 164 96 46 154 116

K. Shreds — 76 69 140 162 104 111 128

L. Some like it hot, some like it cold — 91 171 33 21 142 177

M. A light meal eaten in company — 137 37 90 173 209 181 222 132

N. A favorable juncture of circumstances — 153 53 85 62 99 103 199 11 47 40 / 121

O. Hebrew units of weight — 6 17 22 25 32 41 64

P. High regard — 174 200 120 38 192 155

Q. What Europeans call Mississippians — 178 216 70 230 196 225 129

R. Where refrigerators put the iceman's business — 182 193 152 195 214 229 188 77 97 107

S. Not modified or restricted by reservations — 114 48 36 123 54 141 149 50 26 98 / 93

T. The kind of ship a sober captain would run — 148 117 13 176 167

U. Severity — 185 179 34 219 168 144 14 221 233

V. Experienced workmen — 61 95 5 15 39 92 159 79 169 172

W. Goals — 80 1 187 35 115 139 143 19 60 100

X. An Old World capital — 189 231 28 109 220 16 175

Y. Any of various night shifts — 207 72 49 23 212 201 145 133

Z. Aquatic mammals — 228 56 73 136 105 29

a. Period in excess of a standard day or week — 51 118 146 180 57 125 106 186

b. Say it again — 55 127 211 184 75 194 218

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 608 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 W	2 B	3 C	4 H	5 V	6 O	7 D		8 I	9 E	10 J	11 N	12 H	13 T	14 U	15 V	16 X		17 O	18 D
19 W	20 H		21 L	22 O	23 Y		24 I	25 O	26 S	27 D	28 X	29 Z		30 A	31 H	32 O		33 L	34 U
35 W	36 S	37 M	38 P	39 V	40 N	41 O	42 H		43 D	44 I	45 H	46 J	47 N	48 S	49 Y		50 S	51 a	52 I
	53 N	54 S	55 b	56 Z	57 a	58 B	59 C	60 W		61 V	62 N	63 I	64 O		65 E	66 G	67 H		68 F
69 K	70 Q	71 J	72 Y	73 Z		74 C	75 b	76 K	77 R	78 D		79 V	80 W	81 H	82 F		83 A	84 F	85 N
86 B	87 E	88 I	89 G	90 M	91 L	92 V	93 S		94 E	95 V	96 J	97 R	98 S	99 N	100W		101C	102F	
103N	104K	105Z	106a	107R		108A	109X		110F	111K	112E	113A	114S	115W	116J	117T	118a	119B	120P
121N		122A	123S	124G	125a	126C	127b	128K	129Q	130J	131F	132M		133Y	134C	135B	136Z		137M
138C	139W	140K	141S	142L		143W	144U	145Y	146a	147A	148T	149S	150B	151D		152R	153N		154J
155P	156D	157C	158G	159V		160C	161B		162K	163B	164J	165C	166E		167T	168U	169V	170D	
171L	172V	173M	174P		175X	176T	177L	178Q		179U	180a	181M		182R	183C		184b	185U	186a
	187W	188R	189X		190J	191G	192P	193R		194b	195R	196Q	197A		198E	199N	200P	201Y	
202H	203F		204E	205G	206F	207Y		208A	209M	210F		211b	212Y	213G	214R		215A	216Q	217C
218b	219U		220X	221U		222M	223H	224F	225Q	226G		227B	228Z	229R	230Q	231X	232F	233U	

Mr. Petersen's Trans-O-Grams are in book form, ($2.50) available from NR Box 1774.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

On The Right

The Speech

New York, May 4—Concerning the President's speech, a few observations:

1. It is always sad to see the veil stripped from a man's most private parts, which are his conversations with his closest associates. It is a thoroughly degrading experience for the violated and the violators. Now we will all have to read those transcripts, and of course they will be fascinating, but not edifying. Although it is not reasonably to be expected that someone who fought his way up to the Presidency is less than a largely political animal, and sometimes a beast, it is better not to know —really—exactly what his private conversations were composed of. No doubt Thomas More himself, in his losing fight against Henry VIII, gave voice to sentiments and spoke words which, if they were known to us now, would have paralyzed any playwright endeavoring a re-creation like *A Man for All Seasons*. I thank God that Sony wasn't around when Abraham Lincoln was plotting with his aides. Nixon will probably never recover from the mass voyeurism to which he has now been treated; and even if he escapes impeachment, he will inevitably lose the quality of remoteness that only privacy brings, and that is indispensable to the exercise of presidential power in a free society.

2. It is precisely the ambiguity of the tapes, as admitted by President Nixon in his speech, that will fuel the cry for an examination of the original. To be sure, admitting the ambiguity of certain passages—for instance his okaying, to Dean, of the money paid out to Howard Hunt—does not mean that Nixon believes the case against him is believable. He maintains stoutly that a fair reading of the whole of the transcripts will cause fairminded people to agree that he had not known about Watergate before June 21, nor about the coverup until March 21. But so much hangs on the interpretations of a few passages, for instance of the March 21 conversations, that the Committee, on the recommendations of the staff, will almost certainly vote to listen to the whole tape. If that happens, the probability that the edited parts will stay secret virtually vanishes. A compromise by which the tapes might be heard by the chairman and the ranking minority member (this much Mr. Nixon has already offered) but accompanied by the chief counsel and a minority counsel would probably not appease the majority of the committee if indeed it comes down to the question: did Mr. Nixon utter these sentences as hypothesis—plain to the understanding of the listener—or did he utter them meaning to sanction an illegal act. The case can be made for insisting that the inflections in Nixon's voice will be the tipoff. In fact, one must assume that there is a prurient curiosity to hear those tapes, and to judge whether the excisions are truly irrelevant. One must conclude that the probability is that the Committee will in due course ask for: more.

3. It could be that Mr. Nixon, anticipating this, is playing a very shrewd game. I do not myself believe that the House would vote impeachment on the technical issue of whether the subpoena to the President was satisfactorily answered by releasing edited transcripts and the whole of the tapes to the ranking members of the Judiciary Committee. It is one thing if Nixon had flatly refused to cooperate at all. That would have been clear contumacy. But to say at this point that he has not cooperated is to strain the meaning of the word. And the House is not likely to vote impeachment based exclusively on the difference between how Nixon has responded to the subpoena, and how Nixon was asked to respond to the subpoena. If the substantive questions get lost in the shuffle, I should think that Mr. Nixon would benefit, and possibly save his career.

4. But saving his career—to return to the principal point—is, at this point, to save what? Though no doubt his speech will generate that sympathy that goes to a tough fighter who has made great sacrifices of his personal dignity in order to stay and fight on, it has surely got to be that at a certain point the public will begin to wonder whether the whole of the Republic should be required to rock from week to week, and month to month, for the sole purpose of keeping one individual in the White House. Mr. Nixon began by telling us a year ago that the office of the Presidency would be destroyed if ever transcripts of presidential conversations were released. Well, now they have been released. Was he right the first time? Has the office been damaged (let's allow for the hyperbole, and change "destroyed" to "damaged")? If so, why? Is it more important for Mr. Nixon to prove his innocence than to safeguard the integrity of the office? He'd have been more convincing the other night, and even more dramatic, if he had said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I have burned all the tapes. I have done this knowing that many will conclude that I was guilty, though I am not. I burned them to protect the office, and my innocent associates. Do what you want to me, but bear in mind it will not now be said that I put my own interests above those of my office." □

THE VERDICT

New York, May 2—Concerning the exoneration of John Mitchell and Maurice Stans, a few observations:

1. The anonymous White House spokesman who complained that Mitchell and Stans had in effect been held up as guilty in the public mind is correct. In those pocket collections carried about by the Nixon-haters, those close to Mr. Nixon who have pleaded guilty are generally elided with those who have simply been indicted. The point is made, once again, that an indictment is not a conviction. A point especially to stress given the forthcoming action of the House of Representatives. If ten out of every hundred Americans believe that an indictment is tantamount to a conviction, 50 out of a hundred believe that impeachment is the equivalent of conviction.

2. My own feeling is that the charges against Mitchell and Stans were just this side of incredible, and—judging only from the newspaper accounts—I had myself concluded that they were not guilty. However it remains technically possible that they were guilty, and that the jury responded to a number of factors extrinsic of the question of their guilt or innocence. Such things are not unheard of. Everyone concedes that sometimes innocent people are found

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guilty. By the same token, sometimes guilty people are found innocent. It is correct that they should be treated as though they were innocent. But unsafe that a whole set of assumptions should be built on the basis of the jury's verdict.

3. Most directly, there is the question of John Dean's credibility. The reports —again anonymous—from the White House are nothing less than jubilant on the point. Not only were Mitchell and Stans found innocent, they were saying in effect, but Dean has been found guilty. This is a rigorous exercise in logic. The propositions would build as follows:

If Dean was truthful, Mitchell and Stans are guilty.

Mitchell and Stans are not guilty.

Therefore, Dean was untruthful.

But this is too easy, of course. One of the jurors was interrogated by a reporter. "We started talking about the credibility of the witnesses and why they are talking now," the young juror said. "We had a reasonable doubt because of these witnesses because we didn't feel the evidence was substantiated."

The reporter pursued the point: did they in effect find that Dean was not a credible witness?

"I'd rather not say."

It is obvious even from these words that the jury, a majority of whom began by voting Mitchell and Stans guilty on several counts, changed their minds after examining themselves most strictly on the issue of reasonable doubt. They exonerated Mitchell and Stans because there was, in the jury's mind, reasonable doubt concerning their guilt: and reasonable doubt about the weight of the evidence of a confessed perjurer. If the identical jury should have turned next to the question of whether Dean had committed a perjury in his Watergate accusations, it would not have been in the least inconsistent for the jury to have found Dean not guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

4. We are reminded, moreover, that there are fluctuations, jury to jury, in the credence given to any given witness. Dwight Chapin was convicted in part because the jury believed John Dean. The indictments handed down against a number of White House figures, including the wretched John Mitchell who must now stand trial again, are based on the theory that circumstantial evidence makes Dean's testimony plausible: so that the trials to come will not depend exclusively on his testimony merely because it issues out of Dean's mouth.

5. Meanwhile one is reminded of the terrible burden of a trial of such complexity on the men found innocent. I do not know how much money Mitchell and Stans spent, but I would be surprised if it was less than $200,000 apiece. I find it an inexplicable outrage that men prosecuted by the government, and found not guilty by the jury, should be left short of the money necessary to defend themselves. Mitchell and Stans may not be the galvanizing agents for legislation to redress this incredible injustice, but it is injustice nevertheless, and one strains to hear the voice of the Civil Liberties lobby that seeks to correct it. □

MEANWHILE ON THE HIGH SEAS

New York, April 30 —Mr. Brian Crozier of London, who is the head of the Institute for the Study of Conflict, has written an analysis for the London *Times* of the strategic meaning of the imminent reopening of the Suez Canal. In laymen's terms, it means that the distance between the Black Sea and the Indian Ocean will be reduced by 2,000 miles. So what? "When the Suez Canal route is fully operative," the sober-minded, softspoken Mr. Crozier explains, "the major oil-producing countries will be effectively ringed by the Soviet navy. In the longer term," he adds, "the supply of Middle East oil to Western Europe may become increasingly dependent on the dubious goodwill of Admiral Gorshkov and his Kremlin colleagues."

Permit me to introduce Admiral Gorshkov. He is the gentleman who, as commander-in-chief of the Soviet navy, said on July 28, 1967: "The Soviet navy has been converted, in the full sense of the word, into an offensive type of long-range armed force . . . which could exert a decisive influence on the course of an armed struggle in theaters of military operations of vast extent . . . and which is also able to support state interests at sea in peacetime."

Meanwhile, the situation on the Western front deteriorates. We all know that the British retreated from east of Suez. And, most recently, India has been in the news, objecting to a proposed U.S. naval buildup of modest naval bunkering facilities on Diego Garcia Island, which is 1,000 miles away from the tip of India, against which we have no obviously aggressive designs having, when last heard from on the general point, torn up an Indian IOU of a half dozen billion dollars, the grandest gesture of noblesse oblige in recorded history. What is significant, of course, is that India's instinctive gesture of hyper-modesty, reaching to protect all her sensitive parts from any feint of familiarity by Uncle Sam, was not evidenced at all in her blowsy receptiveness to Soviet advances. The net figures are these. Because of the availability to the Soviet Union of Indian and Persian Gulf facilities, "the number of Soviet ship days"—as Mr. Crozier exactly puts it, applying the warship per day formula to the Indian Ocean—"had increased from 2,000 in 1968 to more than 8,000 at present. It exceeds the number of United States ship days by more than three to one."

Inasmuch as the strain of such exuberant military missions on an economy as straitened as Russia's is inexplicable except on evangelistic grounds, it must be assumed that the Soviet Union has an objective. That objective was only dimly perceived up until quite recently, when the Arabs demonstrated that the control of the vital spigot in the Persian Gulf meant a great deal. Up until last fall, everything was mere strategic projection. One could imagine Admiral Gorshkov patiently explaining to the Kremlin the strategic benefits of dominating the seas around the Persian Gulf. It was most probably the demonstration of last fall that brought around the unbelievers. There are other explanations for the spooky smoothness of the coordinated efforts to reopen the sea passage to the Suez Canal. There is no explanation more plausible than that the Soviet Union finally recognizes, more clearly than ever before, that this is the way to conclusive regional military superiority.

The significance of this is quite obvious. Apparent concessions made by the Soviet Union are impressive only over the short term. We all stand and cheer as we receive the news that Mr. Sadat of Egypt is talking back to the Russians, and strutting his independence most handsomely. The Soviet Union can very easily afford to indulge all of this. What does this matter?

Everything proceeds toward that blissful peace we all desire. But meanwhile, the strategic leverage of the Soviet Union increases. So that—one, two, three years hence, when the moment comes for the Mideast states to attempt to defy the Soviet Union—who will make this possible? The United States Navy? It will have shrunk, at the current rate of attrition, to the status of a sailfish fleet. Yes, we will still dispose of great, big, hairy H-bombs, but the only certainty everybody can count on is that we will not begin to declare them combat-ready. I have not yet seen grounds for formally impeaching President Nixon, but if ever the term were acceptable as metaphor, I'd be ready to ask if he could tell us how, under his leadership, we got into this mess. □

(Washington Star Syndicate)

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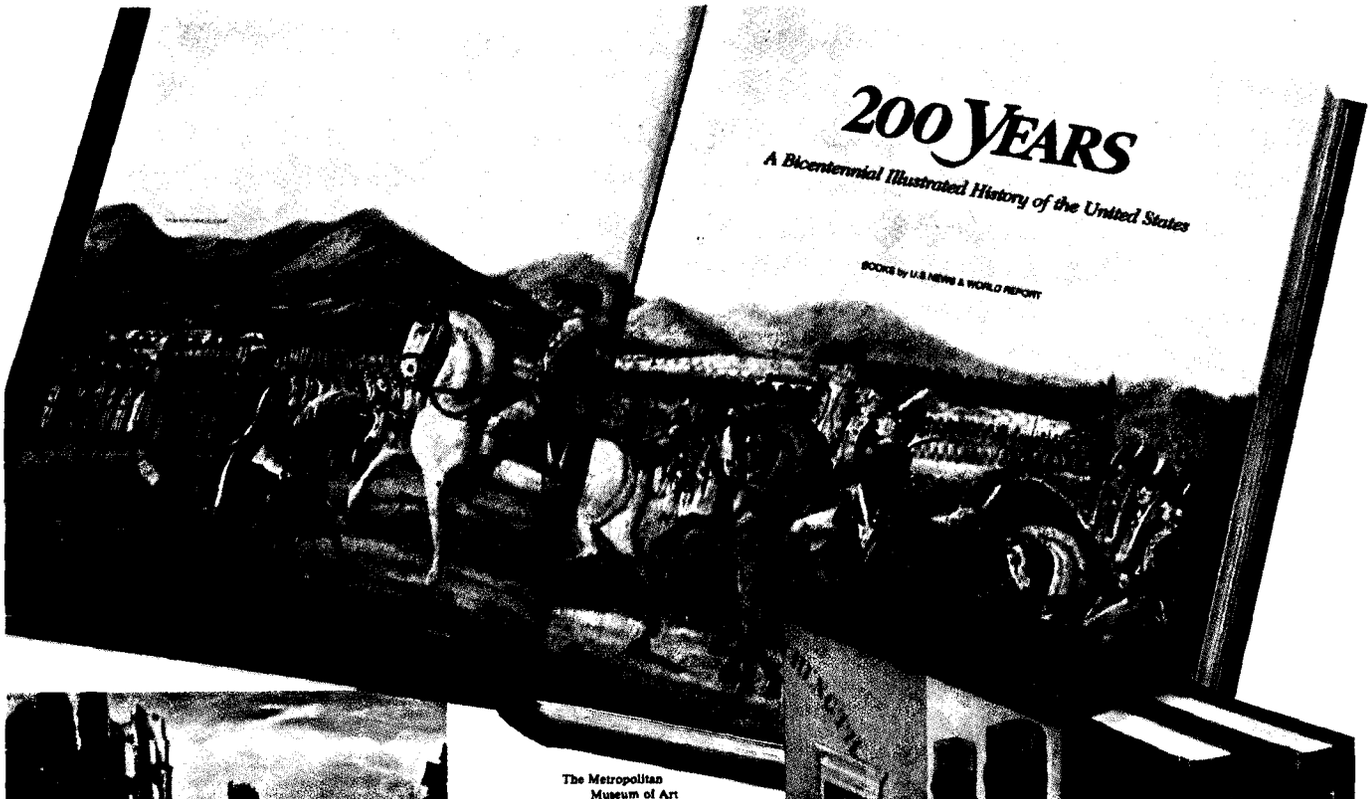

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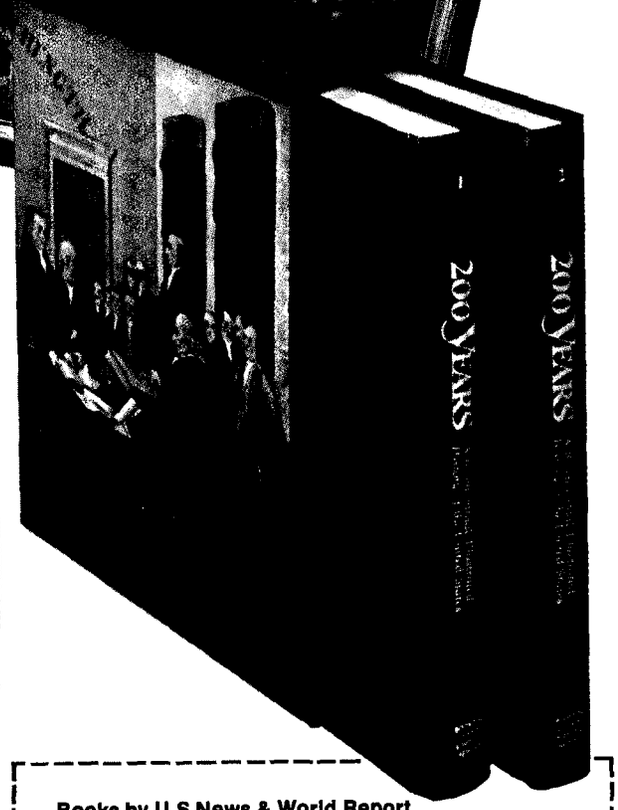

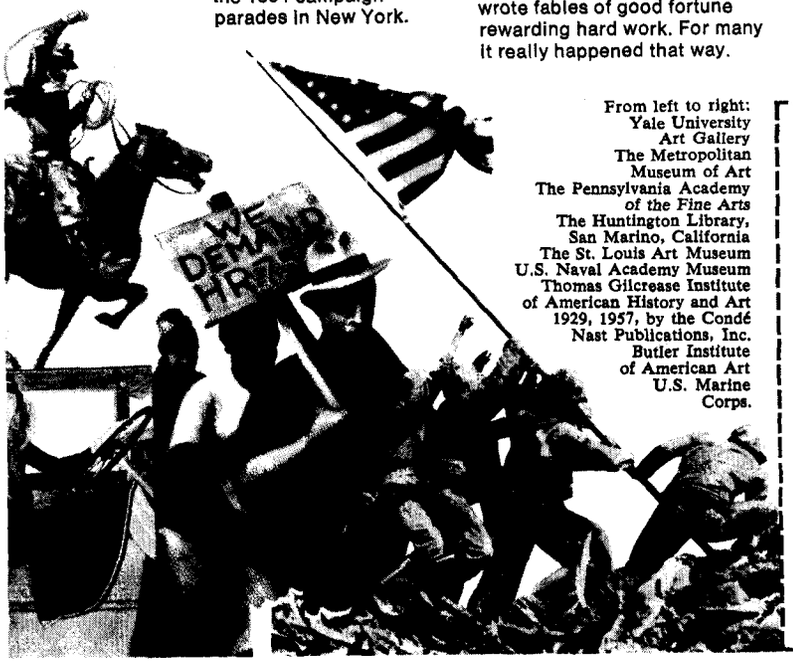

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